THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1862.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.
WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2137.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

USEFUL AND HANDSOME PREMIUM!

To every Two Dollar Subscriber, who pays in advance for 1862, and to every Person who gets up a Club for 1862, will be given, or sent by mail (*postage prepaid by us*) a Handsome Colored Map of the Slave-holding States—four feet long by three feet broad!

☞ *Every club subscriber who wishes a copy of this Map, can have it sent to him (postage prepaid) by forwarding Fifty Cents in addition to the club rate.*

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year,	$2,00
" " two years,	3,00
" " four "	4,00
Two copies, one year,	3,00
Four " "	5,00
Eight " "	10,00
Ten " "	12,00
Twenty " "	20,00

We send a copy Gratis *to every person who sends a club of* Eight, Ten or Twenty *subscribers.* This is in addition to the Map Premium, which we send to the getter-up of *every* Club.

For $3 we send Arthur's Home Magazine and The Post, one year each.

Additions to Clubs.—Any person having sent a Club, may add other names at any time during the year.

The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty-six cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the United States postage on their papers.

Remittances may be made in notes of any solvent Bank, but we *prefer* U. S Treasury Notes or Pennsylvania or other Eastern money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and *one or three* cent postage stamps, are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (*less exchange*) *payable to our order.*

DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

THE LITTLE VOYAGER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[A Harrisburg paper states that during the terrible freshet of week before last, a cradle was seen coming down the rushing waters near Madisonville, and being suspected of containing something, it was watched by several persons for three or four miles, expecting it would at some point of its journey come so near to the shore that it would be safe in venturing after it in a boat; at last, at a bend of the swollen stream, the cradle came sufficiently near to be secured; when lo and behold, upon lifting up a light covering, a beautiful *babe looked up and smiled!*—*Saturday Evening Post, June 28th*, 1862.]

We stood by the brink of the dark, rolling river,
As swol'n by the spring-floods it swept to the sea,
We saw o'er the waters the wild eddies quiver,
Where on its broad bosom the winds wandered free;
Oh! look, where afar yon slight craft comes advancing,
What freight may she bear o'er the treacherous deep,
As onward, her frail hull upon the swell dancing,
She nears the rude shore with a tremulous sweep?

We'll rescue the treasure she bears on the billow,
Come! come to the shore! draw her safe from the wave.
'Tis done! Lo! before us, asleep on a pillow,
A baby lay—saved from a watery grave.
No fears shook the breast of that poor little stranger,
The sweet water-lily is innocent grace,
Through all that dread voyage ne'er once dreamed of danger,
But looked up like starlight, and smiled in our face.

Oh! God was thy pilot, dear, innocent flower,
So needed thy vessel nor rudder nor sail,
But bore thee as safe in the wild, stormy hour,
As barks on soft waters where zephyrs prevail.
I know that around thee the angels were keeping
Their beautiful watch o'er thy sweet, sinless rest,
With music of heaven to charm thee whilst sleeping,
To give thee bright dreams of the isles of the blest.

They told thee, perchance, of old Pharaoh's mild daughter,
Who, bathing in Egypt's grand river of yore,
Raised "Israel's promise" from out the dark water,
Drew, pitying, the reed-cradled Moses to shore;
They whispered that still o'er sweet infancy's slumbers,
The eye of the Holy One bends from above,
And sang to thy spirit in gentlest of numbers,
The songs of His praise, and the lays of His love.

Ah! we too are floating on life's troubled river,
Our frail barks like thine ride the perilous wave,
And He who was with thee alone can deliver
Our vessel from wreck, and our souls from the grave.
Oh! would we, like thee, but be sinless—relying
On Heaven alone for a guidance to shore—
Serene might we drift on life's waters, and, dying,
Look smiling to God when the voyage is o'er.

FRANK.

BUILDING A BRIDGE OVER THE CHICKAHOMINY RIVER AND THE ADJACENT SWAMPS, UNDER THE GUNS OF THE ENEMY.

The above engraving, engraved expressly for The Post from a picture in the "Illustrated News," gives a slight idea of the many perils that are necessarily encountered by our army. This particular case is the throwing a bridge across a swollen and rapid river, in the very teeth of a hot and fatal fire of the enemy, who had perfect control of the opposite side of the stream. Despite this most discouraging fact, our engineers, being supported by artillery and infantry, persevered in their work, placed their bridge, crossed it, and in spite of the hot fire of the enemy, took possession of the far side of the river, and held it—the rebels retreating as our brave troops approached.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "The Channings," "East Lynne," "The Earl's Heirs," "A Life's Secret," Etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER III.

THE CROWD IN THE MOONLIGHT.

Seated in the dining-room at Verner's Pride, comfortably asleep in an arm-chair, her face turned to the fire and her feet on a footstool, was Mrs. Verner. The dessert remained on the table, but nobody was there to partake of it. Mr. Verner had retired to his study upon the withdrawal of the cloth, according to his usual custom. Always a man of spare habits, shunning the pleasures of the table, he had scarcely taken sufficient to support nature since his health failed. Mrs. Verner would remonstrate: but his medical attendant, Dr. West, said it was better for him that it should be so. Lionel Verner (who had come in for the tail of the dinner) and John Massingbird had likewise left the room and the house, but not together. Mrs. Verner sat on alone. She liked to take her share of dessert, if the others did not, and she generally remained in the dining-room for the evening, rarely caring to move.—Truth to say, Mrs. Verner was rather addicted to dropping asleep with her last glass of wine and waking up with the tea-tray. She did on this evening.

Of course, work goes on down-stairs (or is supposed to do so) whether the mistress of a house be asleep or awake. It really was going on that evening in the laundry at Verner's Pride, whatever it may have been doing in the other various branches and departments. The laundry-maids had had heavy labor on their hands that day, and they were hard at work still, while Mrs. Verner slept.

"Here's mother Duff's Dan a-coming in!" exclaimed one of the women, glancing over her ironing-board at the yard. "What do he want, I wonder?"

"Who?" cried Nancy, "the under-housemaid, a tart sort of girl, whose business it was to assist in the laundry on busy days.

"Dan Duff. Just see what he wants, Nancy. He's got a parcel."

The gentleman familiarly called Dan Duff was an urchin of ten years old. He was the son of Mrs. Duff, linen-draper in-ordinary to Deerham—a lady popularly spoken of as "Mother Duff," both behind her back and before her face. Nancy darted out at the laundry-door and way-laid the intruder in the yard.

"Now, Dan Duff!" cried she, "what do you want?"

"Please, here's this," was Dan Duff's reply, handing over the parcel. "And, please, I want to see Rachel Frost."

"Who is it for? What's inside it?" sharply asked Nancy, regarding the parcel on all sides.

"It's things as Rachel Frost have been a-buying," he replied. "Please, I want to see her."

"Then want must be your master," retorted Nancy. "Rachel Frost's not at home."

"*Ain't* she?" returned Dan Duff, with surprised emphasis. "Why, she left our shop a long slight afore I did! Mother says, please, would she mind having some o' the dark lavender print instead o'the light, 'cause Susan Peckaby's come in, and she wants the whole o' the light lavender for a gownd, and there's only just enough of it. And, please, I be to take word back."

"How are you to take word back if she's not in?" asked Nancy, whose temper never was improved by extra work. "Get along, Dan Duff! You must come again to-morrow if you want her."

Dan Duff turned to depart, in meek obedience, and Nancy carried the parcel into the laundry and flung it down on the ironing board.

"It's fine to be Rachel Frost!" she sarcastically cried. "Going shopping like any lady, and having her things sent home for her! And messages about her gownds coming up—which will she have, if you please, and which won't she have! I'll borrow one of the horses to-morrow, and go shopping myself on a side-saddle!"

"Has Rachel gone shopping to-night?" cried one of the women, pausing in her ironing. "I did not know she was out."

"She has been out all the evening," was Nancy's answer. "I met her coming down the stairs, dressed. And she could tell a story over it, too, for she said she was going to see her old father."

But Master Dan Duff is not done with yet. If that gentleman stood in awe of one earthly thing more than another, it was of the anger of his revered mother, Mrs. Duff, in her maternal capacity, was rather free both with hands and tongue. Being sole head of her flock, for she was a widow, she deemed it best to rule with firmness, not to say severity—and her son Dan, awed by his own timid nature, tried hard to steer his course so as to avoid shoals and quicksands. He crossed the yard, after the rebuff administered by Nancy, and passed out at the gate, where he stood still to revolve affairs. His mother had imperatively ordered him to *bring back* the answer, touching the delicate question of the light and the dark lavender prints; and Susan Peckaby—one of the greatest idlers in all Deerham—said she would wait in the shop till he came with it. He stood softly whistling, his hands in his pockets, balancing himself on his heels.

"I'll get a basting for sure," soliloquized he. "Mother 'll lose the sale of the gownd, and then she'll say it's my fault, and baste me for it. What's gone of her? Why couldn't she ha' come home, as she said?"

He set his wits to work to divine what *could* have "gone of her,"—alluding of course, to Rachel. And a bright thought occurred to him—really not an unnatural one—that she had probably taken the other road home. It was a longer round, through the fields, and there were stiles to climb, and gates to mount: which might account for the delay. He arrived at the conclusion, though somewhat slow of drawing conclusions in general, that if he returned home that way, he should meet Rachel; and could then ask the question.

Had he turned to his left hand—standing as he did at the gate with his back to the back of the house—he would have regained the high road, whence he came. Did he turn to the right, he would plunge into fields and lanes, and covered ways; and emerge at length, by a round, in the midst of the village, almost close to his own house. It was a lonely way at night, and longer than the other, but Master Dan Duff regarded those as pleasant evils, in comparison with a "basting." He took his hands out of his pockets, brought down his feet to a level, and turned to it, whistling still.

It was a tolerably light night. The moon was up, though not very high, and a few stars might be seen here and there in the blue canopy above. Mr. Dan Duff proceeded on his way, not very quickly. Some dim idea was penetrating his brain that the slower he walked, the better chance there might be of his meeting Rachel.

"She's just a cat, is that Susan Peckaby!" decided he, with acrimony, in the intervals of his whistling. 'It was her as put mother up to the thought o' sending me to-night: Rachel Frost said the things 'ud do in the morning.' 'Let Dan take 'em up now,' says Dame Peckaby, 'and ask her about the print, and then I'll take it home along o' me.' And if I go in without the answer, she'll be the first to help mother to baste me! Hi! ho! hur! hur-r-r-r!"

This concluding divertisement was caused by his catching sight of some small animal scudding along. He was at that moment traversing a narrow, winding lane; and, in the field to the right, as he looked in at the open gate, he saw the movement. It might be a cat, it might be a hare, it might be a rabbit, it might be some other animal; it was all one to Mr. Dan Duff; and he had not been boy had he resisted the propensity to pursue it. Catching up a handful of earth from the lane, he shied it in the proper direction, and tore in at the gate after it.

Nothing came of the pursuit. The trespasser had earthed itself, and Mr. Dan came slowly back again. He had nearly approached the gate, when somebody passed it, walking up the lane with a very quick step, from the direction on which he, Dan, was bound. Dan saw enough to know that it was not Rachel, for it was the figure of a man, but Dan set off to run, and emerged from the gate just in time to catch another glimpse of the person, as he disappeared beyond the windings of the lane.

"'Twarn't Rachel, at all events," was his comment. And he turned and pursued his way again.

It was somewhere about this time that Tynn made his appearance in the dining-room at Verner's Pride, to put away the dessert, and set the tea. The stir woke up Mrs. Verner.

"Send Rachel to me," said she, winking and blinking at the tea-cups.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Tynn.

He left the room where he had placed the cups and things to his satisfaction. He called for Rachel high and low, up and down. All to no purpose. The servants did not appear to know anything of her. One of them went to the door and shouted out to the laundry to know whether Rachel was there, and the answering shout "No," came back. The footman at length remembered that he had seen her go out at the hall-door while the dinner was in. Tynn carried this item of information to Mrs. Verner. It did not please her.

"Of course!" she grumbled. "Let me want any of you particularly, and you are sure to be away! If she did go out, she ought not to stay so long as this. Who's this, coming in?"

It was Frederick Massingbird. He entered, singing a scrap of a song; which was cut suddenly short when his eye fell on the servant.

"Tynn," said he, "you must bring me something to eat. I have had no dinner."

"You cannot be very hungry, or you'd have come in before," remarked Mrs. Verner to him. "It is tea time now."

"I'll take tea and dinner together," was his answer.

"But you ought to have been in before," she persisted; for, though an easy mistress and mother, Mrs. Verner did not like the order of meals to be displaced. "Where have you stayed, Fred? You have not been all this while taking Sibylla West to Bitterworth's."

"You must talk to Sibylla West about that," answered Fred. "When young ladies keep you a good hour waiting, while they make themselves ready to start, you can't get back precisely to your own time."

"What did she keep you waiting for?" questioned Mrs. Verner.

"Some mystery of the toilette, I conclude. When I got there, Amilly said Sibylla was dressing, and a pretty prolonged dressing it appeared to be! Since I left her at Bitterworth's, I have been to Poynton's about my mare. She was as lame as ever to-day."

"And there's Rachel out now, just as I am wanting her?" went on Mrs. Verner, who, when she did lapse into a grumbling mood, was fond of calling up a catalogue of grievances.

"At anyrate, that's not my fault, mother," observed Frederick. "I dare say she will soon be in. Rachel is not given to stay out, I fancy, if there's a chance of her being wanted."

Tynn came in with his tray, and Frederick Massingbird sat down to it. Tynn then waited for Mr. Verner's tea, which he carried into the study. He carried a cup in every evening, but Mr. Verner scarcely ever touched it. Then Tynn returned to the room where the upper servants took their meals, and otherwise congregated, and sat down to read a newspaper. He was a little man, very stout, always dressed in plain clothes.

A few minutes, and Nancy came in, the parcel left by Dan Duff in her hand. The housekeeper asked her what it was. She explained in her crusty way, and said something to the same effect that she had said in the laundry—that it was fine to be Rachel Frost.

"She's long enough making her way up here!" Nancy wound up with; "Dan Duff says she left their shop to come home before he did. If Luke Roy was in Deerham one would know what to think!"

"Bah!" cried the housekeeper. "Rachel Frost has nothing to say to Luke Roy."

Tynn laid down his paper and rose.

"I'll just tell the mistress that Rachel's on her way home," said he. "She's put out like anything at her being out—want's her for something particular, she says."

Barely had he departed on his errand, when a loud commotion was heard in the passage. Mr. Dan Duff had burst in at the back door, uttering sounds of distress—of fright—his eyes starting, his hair standing on end, his words nearly unintelligible.

"Rachel Frost is in the Willow-pool—drownded!"

The women shrieked when they gathered in the sense; it was enough to make them shriek; Dan Duff howled in concert. The passages took up the sounds and echoed them; and Mrs. Verner, Frederick Massingbird, and Tynn, came hastening forth. Mr. Verner followed, feeble, and leaning on his stick. Frederick Massingbird seized upon the boy, questioning sharply.

"Rachel Frost's a-drowned in the Willow-pool," he reiterated. "I seed her."

A moment of pause—of startled suspense, and then they flew off, men and women, as with one accord, Frederick Massingbird leading the van. Social obligations were forgotten in the overwhelming excitement, and Mr. and Mrs. Verner were left to keep house for themselves. Tynn, indeed, recollected himself, and turned back.

"No," said Mr. Verner. "Go with the rest and see what it is, and whether anything can be done."

He might have crept thither himself in his feeble strength, but he had not stirred out of the house for two years.

The Willow-pool, so called from its being surrounded with weeping willows, was situated at the corner of a field, in a retired part of the road, about midway between Verner's Pride and Deerham. There was a great deal of timber about that part; it was altogether as lonely as could be desired. When the runners from Verner's Pride reached it, assistance had already arrived, and Rachel, rescued from the pool, was being laid upon the grass. All signs of life were gone.

Who had done it?—what had caused it?—was it an accident?—was it a self-committed act?—or was it a deed of violence? What brought her there at all? No young girl would be likely to take that way home (with all due deference to the opinion of Master Dan Duff) alone at night.

What was to be done? The crowd propounded these various questions in so many marvels of wonder, and hustled each other, and talked incessantly; but to be of use, to direct, nobody appeared capable. Frederick Massingbird stepped forward with authority.

"Carry her at once to Verner's Pride—with all speed. And some of you"—turning to the servants of the house—"hasten on, and get water heated and blankets hot. Get hot bricks—get anything and everything likely to be required. How did she get in?"

He appeared to speak the words more in the light of a wailing regret, than as a question. It was a question that none present appeared able to answer. The crowd was increasing rapidly. One of them suggested that Broom the gamekeeper's cottage was nearer than Verner's Pride.

"But there will be neither hot water nor blankets there," returned Frederick Massingbird. "The house is the best. Make haste! don't let grass grow under your feet."

"A moment," interposed a gentleman who now came hastily up, as they were raising the body. "Lay her down again."

They obeyed him eagerly, and fell a little back that he might have space to bend over her. It was the doctor of the neighborhood, resident at Deerham. He was a fine man in figure, dark and florid, but a more impassive countenance could not well be seen, and he had the peculiarity of rarely looking a person in the face. If a patient's eyes were fixed on Dr. West's, Dr. West's were invariably fixed upon something else. A clever man in his profession, holding an Edinburgh degree, and practising as a general practitioner. He was brother to the present Mrs. Verner: conse-

quently, uncle to the two young Massingbirds.

"Has anybody got a match?" he asked.

One of the Verner's Pride servants had a whole boxfull, and two or three were lighted at a time, and held so that the doctor could see the drowned face better than he could in the uncertain moonlight. It was a strange scene. The lonely, weird-like character of the place; the dark trees scattered about; the dull pool with its bending willows; the swaying, murmuring crowd collected round the doctor and what he was bending over; the bright flickering flame of the match-light; with the pale moon overhead, getting higher and higher as the night went on, and struggling her way through passing clouds.

"How did it happen?" asked Dr. West.

Before any answer could be given, a man came tearing up at the top of his speed; several men, indeed, it may be said. The first was Roy, the bailiff. Upon Roy's leaving Verner's Pride, after the rebuke bestowed upon him by its heir, he had gone straight down to the George and Dragon, a roadside inn, situated on the outskirts of the village, on the road from Verner's Pride. Here he had remained, consorting with droppers-in from Deerham, and soothing his mortification with a pipe and sundry cans of ale. When the news was brought in that Rachel Frost was drowning in the Willow-pool, Roy, the landlord, and the company collectively, started off to see.

"Why, it *is* her!" uttered Roy, taking a hasty view of poor Rachel. "I said it wasn't possible. I saw her and talked to her up at the house but two or three hours ago. How did she get in?"

The same question always; from all alike: how did she get in? Dr. West rose.

"You can move her," he said.

"Is she dead, sir?"

"Yes."

Frederick Massingbird—who had been the one to hold the matches—caught the doctor's arm.

"Not *dead!*" he uttered. "Not dead beyond hope of restoration?"

"She will never be restored in this world," was the reply of Dr. West. "She is quite dead."

"Measures should be tried, at any rate," said Frederick Massingbird, warmly.

"By all means," acquiesced Dr. West. "It will afford satisfaction, though it does nothing else."

They raised her once more, her clothes dripping, and turned with quiet, measured steps towards Verner's Pride. Of course the whole assemblage attended. They were eagerly curious, boiling over with excitement; but, to allow them their due, they were earnestly anxious to give any aid in their power, and contended who should take turn at bearing that wet burthen. Not one but felt sorely grieved for Rachel. Even Nancy was subdued to meekness, as she sped on to be one of the busiest in preparing remedies; and old Roy, though somewhat inclined to regard it in the light of a judgment upon proud Rachel for slighting his son, felt some twinges of pitying regret.

"I have knowed cases where people, dead from drowning, have been restored to life," said Roy, as they walked along.

"That you never have," replied Dr. West. "The *apparently* dead have been restored: the dead, never."

Panting, breathless, there came up one as they reached Verner's Pride. He parted the crowd, and threw himself almost upon Rachel with a wild cry. He caught up her cold, wet face, and passing his hands over it, bent down his warm cheek upon it.

"Who has done it?" he sobbed. "What has done it? She couldn't have fell in alone."

It was Robin Frost. Frederick Massingbird drew him away by the arm.

"Don't hinder, Robin. Every minute may be worth a life."

And Robin, struck with the argument, obeyed docilely like a little child.

Mr. Verner, leaning on his stick, trembling with weakness and emotion, stood just without the door of the laundry, which had been hastily prepared, as the bearers tramped in.

"It is an awful tragedy!" he murmured. "Is it true"—addressing Dr. West—"that you think there is no hope?"

"I am sure there is none," was the answer. "But every means shall be tried."

The laundry was cleared of the crowd and the work began. One of the next to come up was old Matthew Frost. Mr. Verner took his hand.

"Come into my own room, Matthew," he said. "I feel for you as deeply as I could for myself."

"Nay, sir; I must look upon her."

Mr. Verner pointed with his stick in the direction of the laundry.

"They are shut in there; the doctor and as many as he wants round him," he said. "Let them be undisturbed: it is the only chance."

All things likely to be wanted had been conveyed to the laundry: and they were shut in there, as Mr. Verner expressed it, with their fires and their heat. On dragged the time. Anxious watchers were in the house, in the yard, gathered round the back gate. The news had spread, and gentlepeople, friends of the Verners, came hasting from their homes, and pressed into Verner's Pride, and asked question upon question of Mr. and Mrs. Verner, of everybody likely to afford an answer. Old Matthew Frost stood outwardly calm and collected, full of inward trust, as a good man should be. He had learnt where to look for support in the darkest trial. Mr. Verner, in that night of sorrow, seemed to treat him like a brother.

One hour! Two hours! and still they plied their remedies, under the able direction of Dr. West. All was of no avail, as the experienced physician had told them. Life was extinct. Poor Rachel Frost was really dead.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TALL GENTLEMAN IN THE LANE.

Apart from the horror of the affair, it was altogether attended with so much mystery that that of itself would have kept the excitement alive. What could have taken Rachel Frost near the pool at all? Allowing that she had chosen that lonely road for her way home—which appeared unlikely in the extreme—she must still have gone out of it to approach the pool, must have walked partly across a field to gain it. Had her path led close by it, it would have been a different matter: it might have been supposed (unlikely still, though,) that she had missed her footing and fallen in. But unpleasant rumors were beginning to circulate in the crowd. It was whispered that sounds of a contest, the voices being those of a man and a woman, had been heard in that direction at the time of the accident, or about the time: and these rumors reached the ear of Mr. Verner.

For the family to think of bed, in the present state of affairs, or the crowd to think of dispersing, would have been in the highest degree improbable. Mr. Verner set himself to endeavor to get some sort of solution first. One told one tale; one another: one asserted something else; another, the precise opposite. Mr. Verner—and in saying Mr. Verner, we must include all—was fairly puzzled. A notion had sprung up that Dinah Roy, the bailiff's wife, could tell something about it if she would. Certain it was, that she had stood amid the crowd, cowering and trembling, shrinking from observation as much as possible, and recoiling visibly if addressed.

A word of this suspicion got whispered in her husband's ear. It angered him. He was accustomed to hold his wife in due submission. She was a little body, with a pinched face and a sharp red nose, rather given to weeping upon every possible occasion, and as indulgently fond of her son Luke as she was afraid of her husband. Since Luke's departure she had passed the better part of her time in tears.

"Now," said Roy, going up to her with authority, and drawing her apart, "what's this as is up with you?"

She looked round her, and shuddered.

"Oh, law!" cried she, with a moan.—"Don't you begin to ask, Giles, or I shall be fit to die."

"Do you know anything about this matter, or don't you?" cried he, savagely. "Did you see anything?"

"What should I be likely to see of it?" quaked Mrs. Roy.

"Did you see Rachel fall into the pool? Or a-nigh the pool?"

"No, I didn't," moaned Mrs. Roy. "I never set eyes on Rachel this blessed night at all. I'd take a text o' Scripture to it."

"Then what *is* the matter with you?" he demanded, giving her a slight shake.

"Hush, Giles!" responded she, in a tone of unmistakeable terror. "I saw a ghost!"

"Saw a—what?" thundered Giles Roy.

"A ghost!" she repeated. "And it have made me shiver ever since."

Giles Roy knew that his wife was rather prone to flights of fancy. He was in the habit of administering one sovereign remedy, which he believed to be an infallible panacea for wives' ailments whenever it was applied—a hearty good shaking. He gave her a slight instalment as he turned away.

"Wait till I get ye home," said he, significantly. "I'll drive the ghosts out of ye!"

Mr. Verner had seated himself in his study, with a view to investigating systematically the circumstances attending the affair, so far as they were known. At present all seemed involved in a Babel of confusion, even the open details.

"Those able to tell anything of it shall come before me, one by one," he observed; "we may get at something then."

The only stranger present was Mr. Bitterworth, an old and intimate friend of Mr. Verner's. He was a man of good property, and resided a little beyond Verner's Pride. Others—plenty of them—had been eager to assist in what they called the investigation, but Mr. Verner had declined. The public investigation would come soon enough, he observed, and that must satisfy them. Mrs. Verner saw no reason why she should be absent, and she took her seat. Her sons were there. The news had reached John out-of-doors, and he had hastened home full of consternation. Dr. West also remained, by request, and the Frosts, father and son, had passed in. Mr. Verner could not deny *them*.

"To begin at the beginning," observed Mr. Verner; "it appears that Rachel left this house between six and seven. Did she mention to anybody where she was going?"

"I believe she did to Nancy, sir," replied Mrs. Tynn, who had been allowed to remain.

"Then call Nancy in," said Mr. Verner.

Nancy came, but she could not say much; only that in going up the front stairs to carry some linen to Mrs. Verner's room, she had met Rachel, dressed to go out. Rachel had said, in passing her, that she was about to visit her father."

"And she came?" observed Mr. Verner, turning to Matthew Frost, as Nancy was dismissed.

"She came, sir," replied the old man, who was having an incessant battle with himself for calmness; for it was not *there*, in the presence of others, that he would willingly indulge his grief. "I saw that she had been fretting. Her eyes were as red as ferrets'; and I taxed her with it. She was for turning it off at first, but I pressed for the cause, and she then said that she had been scolded by her mistress."

"By me!" exclaimed Mrs. Verner, lifting her head in surprise. "I had not scolded her."

Then catching the eye of her son John, who had also lifted *his* head, she remembered the little scene of the afternoon.

"I recollect now," she resumed. "I spoke a word of reproof to Rachel, and she burst into a violent flood of tears, and ran away from me. It surprised me much. What I said was not sufficient to call forth one tear, let alone a passionate burst of them."

"What was it about?" asked Mr. Verner.

"I expect John can give a better explanation of it than I," replied Mrs. Verner, after a pause. "I went out of the room for a minute or two, and when I returned Rachel was talking angrily at John, as it seemed. I could not make out distinctly at what. John had begun to tease her about Luke Roy, I believe, and she did not like it."

Mr. John Massingbird's conscience called up the little episode of the coveted kiss. But it might not be altogether prudent to confess to it in full conclave.

"It is true that I did joke Rachel about Luke," he said. "It seemed to anger her very much, and she paid me out with some hard words. My mother returned at the same moment. She asked what was the matter: I said I had joked Rachel about Luke, and that Rachel did not like it."

"Yes, that was it," acquiesced Mrs. Verner. "I then told Rachel that in my opinion she would have done well to encourage Luke, who was a steady young man, and would no doubt have a little money. Upon which she began weeping. I felt rather vexed: not a word have I been able to say to her lately, but tears have been the answer; and I asked what had come to her, that she should cry for every trifle as if she were heartbroken.—With that, she fell into burst of sobs, terrifying to see, and ran from the room. I was thunderstruck. I asked John what could be the matter with her, and he said he could only think she was going crazed."

John Massingbird nodded his head, as if in confirmation.

Old Matthew Frost spoke up, his voice trembling with the emotion that he was striving to keep under.

"Did she say what it was that had come to her, ma'am?"

"She did not make any reply at all," rejoined Mrs. Verner. "But it is quite nonsense to suppose she could have fallen into that wild burst of grief, simply at being joked about Luke. I could not make her out."

"And she has fallen into fretting, you say, ma'am, lately?" pursued Matthew Frost, leaning his venerable white head forward.

"Often and often," replied Mrs. Verner. "She has seemed quite an altered girl in the last few weeks!"

"My son's wife has said the same," cried old Matthew. "She has said that Rachel was changed. But I took it to mean in her looks—that she had got thinner. You mind the wife saying it, Robin?"

"Yes, I mind it," shortly replied Robin, who had propped himself against the wall, his arms folded and his head bent. "I'm a minding all."

"She wouldn't take a bit o' supper," went on old Matthew. "But that was nothing," he added: "she used to say she had plenty of food here, without eating ours. She sat apart by the fire with one of the little uns in her lap. She didn't stay over long; she said the missis might be wanting her, and she left; and when she was kissing my poor old face, she began sobbing. Robin offered to see her home—"

"And she wouldn't have it," interrupted Robin, looking up for the first time with a wild expression of despair. "She said she had things to get at Mother Duff's, and should stop a bit there, a gossiping. It'll be on my mind by day and by night, that if I'd went with her, harm couldn't have come."

"And that was how she left you," pursued Mr. Verner. "You did not see her after that? You know nothing further of her movements?"

"Nothing further," assented Robin. "I watched her down the lane as far as the turning, and that was the last."

"Did she go to Mrs. Duff's I wonder?" said Mr. Verner.

Oh, yes; several of those present could answe rthat. There was the parcel brought up by Dan Duff, as testimony: and, if more had been needed, Mrs. Duff herself had afforded it, for she made one of the crowd outside.

"We must have Mrs. Duff in," said Mr. Verner.

Accordingly, Mrs. Duff was had in. A voluble lady with red hair. Mr. Verner politely asked her to be seated, but she replied that she'd prefer to stand, if 'twas all the same. She was used to standing in her shop, and she couldn't never sit for a minute together when she was upset.

"Did Rachel Frost purchase anything of you this evening, Mrs. Duff?"

"Well, she did, and she didn't," responded Mrs. Duff. "I never calls it purchasing of things, sir, when a customer comes in and says, 'Just cut me off so and so and send it up.' They be sold, of course, if you look at it in that light: but I'm best pleased when buyers examine the goods, and chat a bit over their merits. Susan Peckaby, now, she—"

"What did Rachel Frost buy?" interrupted Mr. Verner, who knew what Mrs. Duff's tongue was, when it was once set going.

"She looked in at the shop, sir,—which I was a serving little Green with some bone buttons, that her mother had sent her for,—'I want some Irish for aprons, Mrs. Duff,' says she. 'Cut off the proper quantity for a couple, and send it me up sometime to-morrow. I'd not give the trouble,' says she, 'but I can't wait to take it now, for I'm in a hurry to get home, and I shall be wanting the aprons.' 'What quality—pretty good?' said I. 'Oh, you know,' says she: 'about the same that I bought last time. And put in the tape for strings, and a reel of white cotton, No. 30. And I don't mind if you put in a piece of that German ribbon, middling width,' she went on. 'It's nicer than tape for nightcaps, and them sort o' things.' And with that, sir, she was turning out again, when her eyes was caught by some lavender prints, as was a hanging just in the doorway. Two shades there was of it, dark and light. 'That's pretty,' says she. 'It's beautiful,' said I: 'they be the sweetest things I have had in, this many a day: and they be the wide width. Won't you take some of it?' 'No,' says she, 'I'm set up for cotton gowns.' 'Why not buy a bit of it for a apron or two?' I said. 'Nothing's cleaner than them lavender prints for morning aprons, and they saves the white.' So she looked at it for a minute, and then she said I might cut her off a couple o' yards of the light, and send it up with the other things. Well, sir, Sally Green went away with her buttons, and I took down the light print, thinking I'd cut off the two yards at once. Just then, Susan Peckaby comes in for some gray worsted, and she falls right in love with the print. 'I'll have a gownd of that,' says she, and 'I'll take it now.' In course, sir, I was only too glad to sell it to her, for, like Rachel, she's good pay; but when I come to measure it, there was barely nine yards left, which is what Susan Peckaby takes for a gownd, being as tall as a Maypole. So I was in a mess: for I couldn't take and sell it all, over Rachel's head, having offered it to her. 'Perhaps she wouldn't mind having her aprons off the dark,' says Susan Peckaby: 'it don't matter what color aprons is of; they're not like gownds.' And then we agreed that I should send Dan up here at once to ask her, and Susan Peckaby—who seemed mighty eager to have the print—said she'd wait till he come back. And I cut off the white Irish, and wrapped it up with the tape and things, and sent him."

"Rachel Frost had left your shop, then?"

"She left it, sir, when she told me she'd have some of the lavender print. She didn't stay another minute."

Robin Frost lifted his head again.

"She said she was going to stop at your place for a bit of gossip, Mother Duff."

"Then she didn't stop," responded that lady. "She never spoke a single word o' gossip, or looked inclined to it. She just spoke out short, as if she was in a hurry, and she turned clean out o' the shop afore the words about the lavender print had well left her. Ask Sally Green, if you don't believe me."

"You did not see which way she took?" observed Mr. Verner.

"No, sir, I didn't; I was behind my counter. But, for the matter o' that, there was two or three as saw her go out of my shop and take the turning by the pond—which is a good proof she meant to come home here by the field way, for that turning, as you know, sir, leads to nowhere else."

Mr. Verner did know it. He also knew—for witnesses had been speaking of it outside—that Rachel had been seen to take that turning after she left Mrs. Duff's shop, and that she was walking with a quick step.

The next person called in was Master Dan Duff—in a state of extreme consternation at being called in at all. He was planted down in front of Mr. Verner, his legs restless. An idea crossed his brain that he might be going to be accused of putting Rachel into the pond, and he began to cry. With a good deal of trouble on Mr. Verner's part, owing to the young gentleman's timidity, and some circumlocution on his own, the facts, so far as he was cognizant of them, were drawn forth. It appeared that after he had emerged from the field, when he made that slight diversion in pursuit of the running animal, he continued his road, and had gained the lonely part near where the pond was situated, when young Broom, the son of Mr. Verner's gamekeeper, ran up and asked him what was the matter, and whether anybody was in the pond. Broom did not wait for an answer, but went on to the pond, and Dan Duff followed him. Sure enough, Rachel Frost was in it. They knew her by her clothes, as she rose to the surface. Dan Duff, in his terror, went back shrieking to Verner's Pride, and young Broom, more sensibly, ran for help to get her out.

"How did young Broom know, or suspect, there was anybody in the pool?" questioned Mr. Verner.

"I dun know, please, sir," sobbed Dan Duff. "That was what he said as he runned off to it. He asked me if I had seen any folks about, and I said I'd only seen that 'un in the lane."

"Who did you see in the lane?"

"I dun know who it was, please, sir," returned Dan, sniffing greatly. "I wasn't a nigh him."

"But you must have been nigh him if you met him in the lane."

"Please, sir, I wasn't in the lane then. I had runned into the field after a cat."

"After a cat?"

"Please, sir, 'twere a cat, I think. But it got away, and I didn't find it. I saw somebody a-passing of the gate up the lane, but I warn't quick enough to see who."

"Going which way?"

"Please, sir, up towards here. If I hadn't turned into the field, I should ha' met him face to face. I dun know who it was."

"Did you hear any noise near the pool, or see any movement in its direction, before you were accosted by Broom?"

"Please, sir, no."

It appeared to be of little use to detain Mr. Duff. In his stead young Broom was called in. A fine grown young fellow of nineteen, whose temperament may be indicated by two words—cool and lazy. He was desired to give his own explanation.

"I was going home for the night, sir," he began in answer, "when I heard the sound of voices in dispute. They seemed to come from the direction of the grove of trees near the Willow-pond, and I stayed to listen. I thought perhaps some of the Dawsons and Roy had come to an encounter out there; but I soon found that one of the voices was that of a woman. Quite a young voice it sounded, and it was broke by sobs and tears. The other voice was a man's."

"Only two! Did you recognize them?"

"No, sir, I did not recognize them; I was too far off, maybe. I only made out that it was two—a man's and a woman's. I stopped a few minutes, listening, and they seemed to quiet down, and then, as I was going on again, I came up to Mrs. Roy. She was kneeling down, and—"

"Kneeling down?" interrupted Mr. Verner.

"She was kneeling down, sir, with her hands clasped round a trunk of a tree, like one in mortal fright. She laid hold of me then, and I asked what was the matter with her, and she answered that she had been a'most frightened to death. I asked whether it was at the quarrel, but she only said, 'Hush! listen!' and at last she set on to try. Just then we heard an awful shriek, and a plunge into the water. 'There goes something into the Willow-pool,' said I, and I was turning to run to it, when Mrs. Roy shrieked out louder than the other shriek had been, and fell flat down on the earth. I never hardly see such a face afore, for ghastliness. The moon was shining out full then, and it daunted me to look at her. I thought she was dead—that the fright had killed her. There wasn't a bit o' breath in her body, and I raised her head up, not knowing what to do with her. Presently she heaved a sort of sigh, and opened her eyes; and with that she seemed to recollect herself, and asked what was in the pond. I left her and went off to it, meeting Dan Duff—and we found it was Rachel Frost. Dan, he set on to howl and wouldn't stay, and I went for the nearest help, and got her out. That's all, sir."

"Was she already dead?"

"Well, sir, when you first get a person out o' the water it's hard to say whether they be dead or not. She seemed dead. But, perhaps, if there had been means right at hand, she might have been brought-to again."

A moan of pain from old Matthew. Mr. Verner continued as it died out:

"Rachel Frost's voice must have been one of those you heard in dispute?"

"Not a doubt of that, sir," replied young Broom. "Any more than that there must have been foul play at work to get her into the pond, or that the other disputing voice must have belonged to the man who did it."

"Softly, softly," said Mr. Verner. "Did you see any man about?"

"I saw nobody at all, sir, saving Dan Duff and Mrs. Roy; and Rachel's quarrel could not have been with either of them. Whoever the other was, he had made himself scarce."

Robin Frost took a step forward, respectfully.

"Did you mind, sir, that Mother Duff's son spoke to seeing some person in the lane?"

"I do," replied Mr. Verner. "I should like to ask the boy another question or two upon that point. Call him in, one of you."

John Massingbird went out and brought back the boy.

"Mind you have your wits sharp about you this time, Mr. Duff," he remarked—which piece of advice had the effect of scaring Mr. Duff's wits more completely away than they had been scared before. "You tell us that you saw a man pass up the lane when you were in the field after the cat," began Mr. Verner; "was the man walking fast?"

"Please, sir, yes. Afore I could get out o' the gate he was near out o' sight. He went a'most as fast as the cat did."

"How long was it, after you saw him, before you met young Broom, and heard that somebody was in the pond?"

"Please, sir, 'twas a'most directly. I was running then, I was."

As the boy's answer fell upon the room a conviction stole over most of those collected in it, that this man must have been the one who had been heard in dispute with Rachel Frost.

"Were there no signs about him by which you could recognize him?" pursued Mr. Verner. "What did he look like? Was he tall or short?"

"Please, sir, he were very tall."

"Could you see his dress? Was it like a gentleman's or a laborer's?"

"Please, sir, I think it looked like a gentleman's—like one o' the gentlemen's at Verner's Pride."

"Whose? Like which of the gentlemen's?" rung out Mr. Verner's voice, sharply and sternly, after a moment's pause of surprise, for he evidently had not expected the answer.

"Please, sir, I dun know which. The clothes looked dark, and the man were as tall as the gentlemen, or as Calves."

"*Calves?*" echoed Mr. Verner, puzzled.

John Massingbird broke into an involuntary smile. He knew that their tall footman, Bennet, was universally styled "Calves" in the village. Dan Duff probably believed it to be his registered name.

But Frederick Massingbird was looking dark and threatening. The suspicion—hinted at—if you can call it a suspicion—angered him. The villagers were wont to say that Mr. Frederick had ten times more pride than Mr. John. They were not far wrong—Mr. John had none at all.

"Boy!" Frederick sternly said, "what grounds have you for saying it was like one of the gentlemen?"

Dan Duff began to sob.

"I dun know who it were," he said; "indeed I don't. But he were tall, and his clothes looked dark. Please, sir, if you beated me, I couldn't tell no more."

It was believed that he could not. Mr. Verner dismissed him, and John Massingbird, according to order, went to bring in Mrs. Roy.

He was some little time before he found her. She was discovered at last in a corner of the steward's room, seated on a low stool, her head bent down on her knees.

"Now, ma'am," said John, with unwonted politeness, "you are being waited for."

She looked up, startled. She rose from her low seat, and began to tremble, her lips moving, her teeth chattering, but no sound came forth.

"You are not going to your hanging, Dinah Roy," said John Massingbird, by way of consolation. "Mr. Verner is gathering the evidence about this unfortunate business, and it is your turn to go in and state what you know, or saw."

She staggered back a step or two, and fell against the wall, her face changing to one of livid terror.

"I—I—saw nothing!" she gasped.

"Oh, yes, you did! Come along!"

She put up her hands in a supplicating attitude, she was on the point of sinking on her knees in her abject fear. At that moment the stern face of her husband was pushed in at the door. She sprung up as if electrified, and meekly followed John Massingbird.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Books of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, Number 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

THE RICHMOND BATTLES.

The series of battles now taking place before Richmond constitute the most terrific military struggle that has yet been recorded in letters of mingled tears and blood in the history of this new world. We cannot pretend to give in these limited columns the numerous detailed and conflicting accounts which are overflowing the pages of the daily papers. Two leading movements of the armies on both sides, beginning with the rebel attack of Thursday, the 26th of June, are easily and briefly told, and to these we shall confine ourselves.

On the 26th of June the rebels, in heavy force, attacked Gen. McClellan's right near Mechanicsville, and menaced his communications with his base at the White House, on the Pamunkey river, and even that base itself. Either owing to the weight of this attack, or in pursuance of a plan previously decided upon, which may have become known to the enemy and incited the attack, McClellan ordered his right wing to fall back to the west and south side of the Chickahominy. This movement was accomplished on Saturday—two severe battles being fought by the right wing on Thursday and Friday.

While the backward movement across the Chickahominy was made in tolerable order, it would appear that twenty-five guns were lost by McCall's and other divisions. It is the universal testimony of all the correspondents that the fighting on Thursday and Friday was all that could be desired, but that the Union forces were outnumbered at least two to one. The rebel troops also fought very bravely.

On Saturday, at midnight, McClellan began his movement through White Oak Swamp to the banks of the James River—Generals Smith, Keyes, Sumner, and Heintzelman protecting his rear. On Monday the main body of the army reached the James River near Turkey Bend, where the gunboats were lying.

The enemy followed the rear guard through White Oak Swamp, pressing upon it continually—they also brought up fresh forces from Richmond by the direct roads along the James River.

On Monday and Tuesday the enemy assailed the Union troops again with great fury, but were driven back. On Tuesday McClellan was reinforced by Shields' division.

The rebels admit that they were driven back on Monday, with great slaughter, and, as one Union account says, with the loss of twelve guns. On Tuesday, the Union army won a brilliant victory; the rebels attacked, but were repulsed with a loss of, it is said, "at least ten thousand men."

On Wednesday and Thursday there was no serious fighting—both armies probably being utterly exhausted, after a week of battles.

The losses on both sides are very heavy. From 15,000 to 20,000, on the side of the Union, in killed, wounded and missing, are the guesses hazarded by correspondents. The rebel Generals "Stonewall" Jackson and Barnwell Rhett, of South Carolina, are said by a Richmond paper to be among their killed, and their losses must be enormous. Gen. McCall, of the Pennsylvania Reserves, is supposed to be killed—though he may be simply wounded and a prisoner. Others of the bravest and best of the officers and soldiers of the Union are either killed or wounded. A large number of wounded men, with their surgeons, had to be left behind in the rapid movement to James River.

Correspondents say that the rebel army had been swelled to 185,000 troops, while McClellan had barely 95,000 effective men. There is probably little doubt but that the rebels have been strongly reinforced since the evacuation of Corinth by Beauregard, not only by divisions of that army, but by ordering up nearer troops from all intervening points, leaving the vacancies to be supplied in turn from Beauregard's scattered forces. It is said that a recently constructed joint, made a perfect railroad communication between Corinth and Richmond.

MORE MEN WANTED.

In conformity with the suggestion of the Governors of the loyal states, the President has issued an order for the enlistment of 300,000 more volunteers. There is no denying that the present conscription system of the rebel states is rapidly swelling their forces. In the valley of Virginia the Union troops report that there is scarcely an able-bodied man left at home. Go the farmers must to the rebel army, willingly or unwillingly. By using these raw recruits to fill up the ranks of old regiments, they can soon be disciplined and made effective.

The Union reinforcements should be ma-

raged the same way. By filling up the present regiments so that each would represent a thousand men, the recruits would not only be very soon disciplined, but the old regiments themselves would be greatly benefitted by the infusion of fresh life and spirit. Few things are more cheering to a soldier's eye than to see the ranks full.

TO PRESERVE GOOSEBERRIES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MESSRS EDITORS:—I have tried the following method of preserving gooseberries for a number of years past, and always with satisfactory results, the berries being kept in good order for a whole year, if necessary.

Pick the berries while they are yet *green* and *hard*, care being taken to put in no unsound fruit. Wipe them clean and *dry*, and put them into *dry* and wide-mouthed glass bottles; cork them up, and tie a piece of bladder over the top, so as to thoroughly exclude the air. (Oil silk will do if you cannot get bladder).

Then dig a hole in a dry part of the garden, and put some straw inside; place the bottles in the middle and cover with straw; put some boards on the top, and then fill the hole with soil, and let them stay there till you want to use them. MRS. A. J. SMITH.

Cleveland, O.

NEWS ITEMS.

IF there ever was any doubt regarding Gen Banks's lineage it would be removed by the "Ostser Zeitung," a German paper, which informs its readers that "Gen. Banks is a native of Pomerania, and was a sergeant in the Prussian army before he emigrated to the United States, where the military experience acquired at home enabled him to attain his present position."

SOME of the letters received from Rome state that the bishops who have reached that city have handed over to the Pope a sum of 500,000 Roman crowns (rather more than 2,500 000 francs) collected as Peter's Pence.

LETTERS from Prince Napoleon, brought by the last steamer, show that he is still the same devoted friend of the North and of human freedom that he has shown himself to be ever since the rebellion broke out.

A LADY in town cleared her house of flies by putting honey on her husband's whiskers when he was asleep. The flies stuck fast, and when he went out of the house he carried them off with him.

THE Suez canal, connecting the waters of the Red Sea with the Mediterranean, is to be completed in eight months. Twenty-six thousand men are work on it now, and fourteen thousand more are soon to be added.

ARE TREASURY NOTES A LEGAL TENDER?—A few days since, some bills of the City Bank of Ottawa, Illinois, were presented at that bank, and payment demanded in specie. The bank tendered Treasury notes which were refused, and the notes of the bank were then formally protested. The Supreme Court of Illinois has already decided that Treasury notes are not a legal tender for state dues, and it will also, it is said, decide that they are not a tender in the state for anything in opposition to state law.

FRENCH MOVEMENT IN NEW YORK.—The French residents in New York propose to hold a meeting for the purpose of a formal manifestation of their opposition to any project of the French Emperor intervening in American affairs.

GEN. HALLECK'S ARMY.—It is now well understood that a portion of Halleck's army is ordered to join Gen. Pope in Virginia, and is probably on its way. He will be glad to welcome his old soldiers to his new field. The brave men who have been so uniformly successful in the West will awaken a generous rivalry in their comrades from the east. Another part of Gen. Halleck's force has moved on East Tennessee. The general himself is to go to St. Louis. The heavy fighting in the southwest is over.—*Providence Journal, June 30.*

IN the Lynn (Mass.) Police Court last week Thomas Fuahe was fined $6 and costs for *raking hay* on Sunday afternoon. Fuahe refused to pay the amount and was committed to Salem jail.

A HUGE LIST.—The list of delinquent taxes in Cook county, Illinois—in which county Chicago is situated—fills seventy-four columns of the Chicago Journal.

IT is estimated that $100,000 worth of oysters were destroyed last fall in the bays on the south side of Long Island, by the shell-fish known as the "sea stars."

IMMENSE STORES.—Among the items removed from the White House were twelve millions of rations, which is a supply of food for 100,000 men for 120 days. What a haul this would have been for the hungry rebels.—*N. Y. Express.*

GENERAL SCOTT is now at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. Hoyt, Sixteenth Street, New York, and at present declines to receive visitors. He appears to be prostrated with grief at the recent death of his lady, and there are no indications at present that he will proceed to Washington.

WHISKEY is now tested by the distance a man can walk after tasting it. The new liquid called "Tangleleg" is said to be made of diluted alcohol, nitric acid, pepper and tobacco, and will upset a man at a distance of four hundred yards from the demijohn.

WORTHY OF IMITATION.—At West Wareham, Mass., there is a Volunteer Hosing Guard who go around and hoe the gardens of those families whose husbands or main supporters are in the army.

COTTON AT MEMPHIS.—Cotton is being purchased at Memphis, by northern merchants, at from twenty-one to twenty-five cents in gold.

THE steamer Honduras, from Port Royal on the 30th ultimo, reports that the steamer Vanderbilt, with two schooners in tow, left that place on the 28th ultimo for James Island, to convey our troops back to Hilton Head.

A FRUITERER in the Rue St. Antoine, Paris, has in operation a machine for shelling green peas. It is about the size of a sewing machine, and not only shells the peas, but sorts them in three sizes.

ACCOUNTS from Fredericksburg represent the greatest possible distress among the inhabitants. The 30th rebel regiment, raised in that town, is reported there as having been cut to pieces in the recent battles on the peninsula.

IT is now said that one-fourth of the one hundred dollars bounty, my twenty five dollars, will be paid to every volunteer on enlistment, in addition to his first month's pay.

DEATH OF MRS COL. ELLET.—Mrs. Elvina Ellet, wife of the late Col. Ellet, recently died at her residence in this city, in the 46th year of her age. She was the daughter of the late Judge Daniel, of Virginia, and brother of the present Judge Daniel, on the same bench. She has had four children six of whom are now living. She was present at the death of her husband, in Cairo, Ill., and came to the city with his remains. Her death resulted from no disease, being mainly from pure exhaustion and grief. She was interred at Laurel Hill Cemetery.

THE BATTLES NEAR RICHMOND.

THE UNION TROOPS VICTORIOUS ON MONDAY AND TUESDAY—ALL QUIET ON WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY.

WASHINGTON, July 4.—The Richmond papers, of July 3, furnishes a number of items with regard to the battle of Monday.

It says that on Sunday Generals Hill and Longstreet, with their divisions, crossed the Chickahominy, and late on Monday afternoon attacked the enemy about five miles northeast of Dortown, on the New Market road. The conflict was terrible, and by half-past 8 o'clock the enemy had been driven a mile and a half. At half past 9 the enemy being heavily reinforced, made another stand. The loss on our (the rebel) side was terrible. The situation being evidently hopeless against such overpowering forces, Gen. Hill slowly retreated amid the vociferous cheers of the Yankees.

The Examiner says it thinks that the division which went into the fight on Monday, 14 000 strong, could only muster 6 000 men for duty, and that the loss of life exceeds that of any battle or siege yet fought.

At 6 o'clock A. M. on Tuesday, Jackson and Huger's divisions attacked Gen. McClellan's left flank, on the west side of the Chickahominy, 17 miles from Richmond. Later in the day, Gen. Magruder fell upon his right flank. Fighting was going on up to 9 o'clock on Tuesday night. Heavy firing from the gunboats on James river was heard on Tuesday morning.

A number of Federal gunboats are on the river with the reinforcements from General Burnside, but they have not yet landed.

The above extracts from the Examiner relate to Tuesday's battle, in which, according to Gen McClellan's dispatch, the rebels were badly whipped.

Advices received at the War Department show that there was no fighting on the peninsula on Wednesday or Thursday, up to 5.30 P. M.

THE FIGHTING ON TUESDAY

was terrible, although attended with comparatively small loss on our side. McClellan had placed his artillery in such a position that it mowed the rebels down by the thousands. It is believed that their loss was fully *ten thousand men in Tuesday's fight.* They brought up brigade after brigade, and division after division, but as fast and as dense as they came, they were repulsed. In some places the rebels stood erect and piled up bodies of their comrades as breastworks.

Our artillery used little else but grape and canister, and its practice told with horrible effect upon the ranks of the rebels. Yesterday (Wednesday) they renewed the battle for a couple of hours, and then retired in confusion and disgust. They are said by their own prisoners, 25 of whom came down on the Nelly Baker, to have lost 80 000 men during the past week, killed and wounded.

THE LOSSES AT WHITE OAK SWAMP.

The battle of White Oak Swamp was scarcely second to that of Gaines' Hill in point of losses of life, wounded and prisoners. We undoubtedly suffered less than the enemy, who was literally butchered, but our own loss is, nevertheless, enormous. We lost all of Mott's battery but a single gun, the whole of Randall's battery, one gun, we believe, of Capt. Ayres, and several others in various parts of the field. We could not have lost in killed, wounded and prisoners, less than 2,500 men, and our loss may reach twice that amount. But we gained our point and made the James river, despite all the enemy's attempts to cut us off therefrom. In failing to do this he suffered the retreat, whereas in the pitch of battle we beat him back with immense loss, and so crippled that he was either unable or unwilling to fire a gun next day. The gunboats Aroostook and Galena are entitled to the most unbounded credit. They came into action at the right time, and did first rate service. The rebels have so long held our gunboats in awe that their mere presence will produce a panic among them.

THE JAMES SEEN BY THE SOLDIERS.

The region of the James is high, hilly and bountifully marked by nature with all that vegetable opulence can supply. The ripe wheat fields, and the long, wavy stretches of clover burst like a vision in fever upon the weary eyes of our wounded and footsore. Some fell down the banks of the river and lapped the bright water like dogs; others fell upon the margin and wept. Gen. McClellan's tent was pitched by a beautiful farm-house at Cummings' wharf, near Great Turkey Bend, just on the bank of the river. He wrote his despatches here and sent them off by the Stepping Stones, in charge of the French Prince De Joinville, the Duke De Chartres and the Count De Paris. The general spent a part of the afternoon on board of the Galena, and as he passed along the crowded banks in the commodore's barge, all the troops, even to the haggard wounded, cheered him lustily. He doubtless slept peacefully that night, having saved his army and placed it in a now more secure and more convenient position. In addition to the loss of our field batteries reported, we also lost several of the large siege guns that had reached the army only a few days before the action of Friday. A number of them were spiked, however, and rendered useless for all time to come.

FOREIGN OPINIONS OF OUR SOLDIERS.

While I was sitting in the shady grove of a quaint old Virginia farm-house, that the owner said had been always called "Malvern Hills," the French Princes rode into the place, and after looking at the mediæval character of the place, which they evidently liked, got to talking over the results of the movement. They talked in very broken English, but I could make out Prince De Joinville to say that the volunteer troops of America had endured more hard fighting and hard wear than the best veterans of Europe. The Duc De Chartres has always been a strenuous advocate of our claims, and it was pleasant to hear the eloquent young heir of the Bourbons refer to our valor in poetical terms. He is so in love with our country and people that it will now be harder than ever to wean him back to France. His lithe, active figure was marked in all the recent battle-fields, and he rendered material aid to the general commanding.

Malvern Hills, to which we have referred, is a red brick building that does not look unlike a great vault, an idea which the sombre shade trees that surround it do not dispel. It is owned by Benjamin Dew, and is said to have been built by a French nobleman as far back as 1710.

MOVING DOWN THE JAMES RIVER.

All Monday night and Tuesday the ammunition teams, the ambulances and files of crippled soldiers went down the James river from Malvern Hills to certain landings where transports were reported to have arrived. The roads were white with dust, that much added to the ill condition of the wounded, and many of the fevered went out of their minds. A young officer who had been down with the typhoid fever had gone so far on the road that he could see the vessels, when he stiffened out in the hands of the men who were holding him on his horse.

The agonies of the wounded, in the retreat from the Chickahominy to the James, can never be known. In the minds of those who witnessed some of their fearful sufferings the scenes will remain to the end of time. But not a man among all the sufferers was heard to upbraid his general or his government. The universal sentiment was, had they a thousand lives, they would be freely tendered to the Union and the restoration of the laws.

THE VERY LATEST

From Gen. McClellan's Head-Quarters.

Mr. Clement B Barclay, Sanitary Commissioner, arrived here yesterday, direct from the Army of the Potomac, which he left the previous (Thursday) morning at ten o'clock. Knowing the public anxiety to have reliable intelligence as to its position and condition, Mr. Barclay allows us to use his name, to vouch for the accuracy of such general reports as he is competent to make. He was with the army in its retreat from the White House, and confirms all previous advices of the admirable and successful manner in which the movement was conducted.

The army is perfectly secure in its new position, and with the protection of the gunboats, defies any renewal of the recent attacks. Gen. McClellan, whom Mr. Barclay saw on several occasions, was in excellent spirits, and the whole army—to a man—enthusiastic in their confidence in him and his future operations. There is nothing approaching demoralization, or any index of discouragement. Reinforcements are arriving by way of Fortress Monroe, and the assurance of renewed strength, adequate to the objects of the campaign, animates the whole body.

Gen. McClellan has given up the house at his head quarters, for a hospital, and occupies, himself, a small tent.

Mr. Barclay came down the river on the Vanderbilt, with seven hundred wounded and sick soldiers.

The report of Gen. McCall's death is not confirmed by Mr. Barclay, but he is rather supposed to have been wounded and taken prisoner. Mr. Barclay made attempts to recover the bodies of Philadelphia officers, killed in McCall's division, but was unable to do so on account of the enemy's possession of the ground. Our losses in the late actions are estimated at about fifteen thousand, and are certainly much less than has been conjectured from the duration and severity of the battles. The last day's fight resulted, as already reported, in the defeat of the rebels.—*Philadelphia Inquirer of Saturday.*

Additional Details of the Battles by an Eye-Witness—Important from Fortress Monroe.

A person arrived in New York on the evening of the 3d, from the field of battle before Richmond, having left there on Tuesday evening, July 1, at 9 P. M.

At that time Gen. McClellan's advance was three miles northwest of Hardin's Landing, and within fifteen miles of Richmond.

The enemy was terribly repulsed in the battle of Monday, which was sanguinary in the extreme. We were attacked at four different points, and summarily repulsed the enemy three, when they pressed Heintzleman's left very hard, but Sumner went to his relief, and they were finally repulsed with great slaughter. Heintzleman captured eight guns, and a whole brigade of rebels, sixteen hundred, including their colonels; Pendleton, of Louisiana, ex-Congressman Lamar, of Georgia, and McGowan, of South Carolina.

Our transportation was all safely removed but seventy-five wagons, which were burned in camp.

The enemy's attack on Monday was fierce in the extreme. Kearney, Hooker, Richardson, Sedgwick, Smith, and McCall participated.

The Pennsylvania Reserves under McCall suffered severely, and Generals McCall and Reynolds were probably taken prisoners, as they were missing Tuesday night. General Meade is severely wounded, and Generals Burns and Brooks slightly.

Stonewall Jackson is undoubtedly killed. General McClellan, after the fullest investigation, credits the report, all the prisoners corroborating it.

The rebel General J. R. Anderson was mortally wounded in the action at Savage's Station on Sunday.

On Monday night entrenchments were begun and prosecuted as rapidly as possible. The first boat of reinforcements arrived just as our correspondent left. Supplies were also coming in in abundance.

Our total loss in the whole six days' terrific fighting, from Wednesday up to Monday night, is about twelve thousand, five hundred of which were lost in the battle of Friday on the right.

Col. McQuade, of New York; Col. Cass, of Massachusetts; Major Patterson, of Pennsylvania, and all the field officers of the Duryea Zouaves heretofore reported killed or wounded, and many others, are alive and well.

FORTRESS MONROE, July 2.

The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded alone yesterday (Monday) is said not to have been less than four thousand, but we hear nothing definite of the loss on either side. [Note by the Editor.—Their own account above, says the rebels lost 8,000 in two divisions.]

General Shields' army arrived here this morning, and have proceeded up the James River. They came in vessels via Annapolis.

I have just been on board the George Washington, which arrived this morning with 821 sick and wounded; among others, Gen. Meade and Brig. Gen. W. A. Gorman, of Sedgwick's division—the former wounded very severely by the fragment of a shell passing through his body, and the latter prostrate by sickness. I have had a long and interesting conversation with one of the patients—a captain of the 23d Pennsylvania, and a man of great intelligence—and I was glad to find, not only in the facts he advanced, but in the cheerful and confident view he took of the dreadful struggle now going on, a full corroboration of the opinion so earnestly sustained by the Times and its correspondents.

The whole affair is simply this: As soon as McClellan discovered—by the bold raid of Stuart near the White House, and other indications—that the enemy had an intent upon that point, he at once come to the conclusion to turn that to account; and, by luring them on to a spot that could be of no ultimate use to them, and too far removed from his own base of operations, concentrated his forces on the James River, where he could have the aid of our gunboats—the terror of the rebels. For this reason—and long before any descent was made upon Porter's right wing—Gen. McClellan had caused to be removed to his centre all the army stores, provisions, &c., from the White House, and all the rest by transports down the York River, leaving but a small portion there (variously estimated at from $5,000 to $50,000, though probably nearer the first sum) to be destroyed, in the event of the enemy approaching sooner than they could remove it.

So certain is this, that many days before there was any demonstration at the White House, loaded vessels were seen coming down the York River and up the James, with what intent people did not *then* know, though they do *now*. All that being arranged, orders were given for Porter's wing to fall back, and *he was doing so when attacked by the rebels.* The result was, that, after great slaughter on both sides, McClellan has reached the very spot he intended on the James River, with all his equipments, and allowed the rebels to go into the very trap he had prepared for them. Does this look like defeat?

Much excitement prevailed here yesterday (Monday) when news came of the bloody work of the last two days, and the information that our army was on rations which must soon be exhausted. This fear is now, however, entirely removed. Boats, loaded with provisions, are rapidly going up the James River in abundance, and twelve vessels had already unloaded when my informant left, which was at 6 o'clock last evening. I was also informed that Gen. McClellan is in a strong position, under cover from gunboats, and able to hold his own until reinforcements come. The latter we know are rapidly on the way to him—though whence and in what number I am not at liberty to say. Well sustained in the position he now holds, there can be no doubting his success.

Some people here are contemplating not only the possibility but the probability of the rebels venturing down the peninsula as far as Yorktown, and even farther. It is almost to be hoped they will have the foolhardiness to do so. They might thereby gain the glory of shedding more human blood, but they will only be rushing on their own destruction. Shut up between the York and James Rivers, without a plank afloat to confront our gunboats on them, it is difficult to see how they could either hold anything or sustain themselves there, while every man taken from their forces to go there is only increasing McClellan's chances of entering Richmond.—*N. Y. Times.*

Gen. Dix reports the arrival of 533 rebel prisoners, being a part of those taken during the late battles, among them are several Colonels and Majors.

Gen. Dix has ordered all civilians away from Fortress Monroe, and no person will be permitted to pass to that point, or to the Army of the Potomac, except those connected with the military or naval service of the United States.

LATER AND STILL BETTER NEWS.

WASHINGTON, July 5.—Despatches have been received from Gen. McClellan, dated as late as 1 o'clock, P. M., on Friday, the 4th of July.

The following is their substance, omitting military details and operations not proper for present publication.

There has been no fighting since Tuesday night, when the enemy were repulsed with great slaughter.

The army moved to the position now occupied because it affords greatly superior advantages for the co-operation of the gunboats, of which seventeen are now in the river protecting the flanks of the army.

Statements of the casualties of the eight days' fighting cannot yet be furnished.

Our forces *were not beaten in any conflict nor could they be driven from the field* by the utmost efforts of the enemy.

The conduct of the troops in every command and under all circumstances was admirable.

No guns have been lost since the engagement on Friday, June 27th, when General McCall's division was, at the outset, overwhelmed by superior numbers, and 25 pieces fell into the hands of the enemy.

The sick and wounded are being sent forward to the hospitals.

At one o'clock yesterday (the 4th) the army was drawn up in its position for review, bands were playing, national salutes were fired, and things looking bright.

THE NEW BASE.

A STRONG POSITION—GOOD FEELING OF TROOPS—SEVENTY-FIVE NAVY GUNS.

The special correspondent of the Tribune, at Fortress Monroe, writes, under date of July 3 (Thursday):—

The substance of the news by the Baker is that the fight of Tuesday was very severe, the most so of any, against fearful odds.—Still our brave troops drove the enemy before them until the sign of fresh men. We captured a large number of prisoners and took several guns, and in every respect won the day.

Gen. McClellan, in conference with Commander Rogers of the Galena, Flag-Officer of the James River flotilla, having selected Harrison's Bar as the location of the new base, yesterday (Wednesday) the army commenced the very difficult undertaking of withdrawing to that position.

The day was rainy and the weather was disagreeable. By night the entire army was in the position of security and advantage selected. About as General McClellan said, it will be able to hold against almost any force for any length of time. The situation is one that admits of the fullest co-operation of the gunboats. The position cannot be flanked, by no matter how superior the force, while in front no attacking force can approach without encountering the combined fire of the army and navy.

Supplies of all kinds and in abundance had arrived, *and the entire army was in the best possible spirits,* even eager for a renewal of *the conflict.*

The position where the army is now encamped is between eight and ten miles below City Point (on its opposite side), and about 27 miles from Richmond. This increased distance between the army and Richmond from what it was before, is the measure of loss resulting from the week's severe fighting.

From prisoners it is gathered that the loss of the rebels cannot be much short of 30,000; while, from all causes—killed, wounded, prisoners, and missing—ours, it is believed, will not exceed 10,000. The vast superiority of the rebel force is established, and it could not have been much if any less than 200,000.

The "lay of the land" where the army is now encamped is highly favorable, it being a gradual slope for nearly a mile down to the water's edge. On the extreme elevation is what is known as the Harrison Mansion, said to be the birth-place of Ex-President Harrison, with a level country beyond.

From 10 to 3 o'clock on Wednesday night, the sky in the direction of Richmond was illuminated for several miles in extent. An illumination of the city in honor of a victory was the explanation most generally accepted.

Monday, a force from the gunboats landed at City Point and burned the place, together with the wharf and adjacent warehouse, which had been used as shelter by the rebel sharpshooters to annoy boats on their passage up the river.

The James River is filled with vessels and steamers, most of them upward bound with stores and supplies. Upward of twenty gunboats are in the vicinity of Harrison's Landing, whose water armament is probably 75 guns of the heaviest description.

Gen. McClellan's first business will be to intrench himself, and for this work supplies of tools have been forwarded. The mails will be forwarded regularly, and Harrison's Landing henceforth takes its place among noted places.

"Josh, does the sun ever rise in the west?" "Never." "Never?" "Never?" "You don't say so! Well, you won't catch me to emigrate to the West, if it's always night there. I've a cousin who is always boasting how pleasant it is in that region; but it must be all moonshine.

Oak is stronger than iron, taking equal weights of both.

A MERRY ORGANIST.—"When the Magnificat was sung," says Dr. Burney, in speaking of M. Balbastre, a celebrated French organist, "he played between each verse several minutes, fugues imitations, and every species of music, even to hunting pieces and jigs, without surprising or offending the congregation, as far as I was able to discover."

House cleaning, whitening, painting, &c., are the great evils of civilization. How happy the Indian who has no plaster in his wigwam. No mahogany to polish, or paint to scour, except that on his face.

Queen Napoleon the Third—"I really believe With the Mexican Republic I'll take French leave!"

"Not so fast," cried Juarez, with answer so manlish,
"But I'll show you, soon, the way to walk Spanish!"

A simple remedy for burns is the white of an egg. It excludes the air, and is healing.

An old farmer, one of the "roughs," in Connecticut, during a discussion of the merits of a young theologian they were thinking of settling over a Congregational society, said that, for his part, he was "tired of breaking steers."

A letter received from a Sergeant in the 20th Massachusetts Regiment, dated "Near Norfolk, Va., *Camp Misery, fifteen miles from 'the knowledge of God,'* May 18, 1862," says Captain Tripp's company was as well as could be expected, considering their situation.

Mr. Ruskin is right when he says:—"There is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange life through which their life looks at and up to our great mystery of command over them and claims the fellowship of the creature, if not of the soul?"

A new invention has just been patented by Mr. J. McNamee, of Easton, Pa., in the shape of an "indicator and register of drinks and segars," to be used at the bars of hotels and restaurants, to prevent "knocking down" by roguish barkeepers! Anything else, McNamee?

During the reign of Edward I., of England, rum was sold only as a medicine in apothecary shops.

"How d'ye, broder?" "So, so, me tank ye; how you bin dis long time?" "Quite well, tank you. How you pass your time now, broder?" "Oh! me no pass me time at all, broder; me cock up me foot, so let time pass himself."

The estimated value of British (run the blockade) and "Secesh" ships and cargoes, captured by the United States blockading squadron for a twelvemonth past, is nearly $12,000,000.

"Captain, are you going to run your steamboat in this fog?" a timid passenger asked of one of the Sound skippers. "No, sir," was the reply, "we might as well try to drive a toad through a barrel of tar."

The passing years drink a portion of the light from our eyes, and leave their traces on our cheeks, as birds that drink at lakes leave their footprints on the margin.

A preacher, in a funeral sermon on a lady, after summing up all her good qualities, added—that she always reached her husband his hat without murmuring.

Napoleon, during his military career, fought sixty battles; Cæsar fought only fifty.

MORE GOOD NEWS FROM McCLELLAN.

ONE THOUSAND REBEL PRISONERS AND THREE BATTERIES CAPTURED.

FORTRESS MONROE, July 5.—Fresh troops arrived here from Washington yesterday, and went up the James River in the evening.

Four small steamers, with four barges in tow, arrived at Fortress Monroe, this morning, laden with artillerymen, horses, &c., and were doubtless bound up the river.

A skirmish took place yesterday morning near our left wing, which resulted in the defeat of the rebels. We took 1 000 rebel prisoners, and three small batteries, and our cavalry followed them up till they passed beyond White Oak.

For the last two days the rebels have shown little disposition to fight, and yesterday relinquished their ground and batteries almost without resistance.

Foreign News.

The steamship Hibernia, from Liverpool, with dates to the 28th, passed Cape Race on Saturday. It is asserted that Napoleon has resolved to send sufficient troops to Mexico to force a way to the capital against all obstacles. Admiral Jurien de la Graviere will immediately take command of a strong concentration of French war vessels in the American waters, which concentration, the Patrie says, is justified by what may arise out of the American war and Mexican affairs. The London Herald urges intervention in American affairs. A meeting has been held in London relative to the African slave trade. The Corps Legislatif at Paris has voted the whole extraordinary budget, and, with a slight modification, the whole ordinary budget. In the Chamber of Deputies, at Turin, notice was given of an intention of making the integral appropriation of the clauses in the budget a question of confidence in the Ministry. The government is endeavoring to discover the persons who authorized the recent enrolment.

GEN. BUELL'S ARMY.—An impression prevails that General Buell is coming Eastward, by the Ohio River and the Northern railroads to reinforce the army in Virginia. This is a mistake. On the 27th of June he was at Huntsville, Alabama, moving towards East Tennessee. We may, however, state that other Western troops have come to the East, and still more are coming; but it would not be proper to state what corps they belong to, what their numbers are, or where they are at present. As for Buell, there need be no concealment, as the rebels know his movements better than our own people.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

THE SIEGE GUNS.—A New York correspondent, writing on Tuesday, says:—

"I noticed on the road to-day, in good order, all our heavy guns, which have been in battery on the front for a few days past. The four-and-a half inch Rodmans, and the grim thirty pounder Parrotts go to the rear, with their faces towards the enemy. I trust the time will soon again come when we shall listen with pleasure to their deep thunder."

LATEST NEWS.

FROM GEN. McCLELLAN'S ARMY.

PROCLAMATION OF GOVERNOR CURTIN.

Brilliant Cavalry Affair at Booneville, Miss.

MISCELLANEOUS, &c.

All Quiet—The Army in Good Spirits.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—Advices from the army of the Potomac, up to last night, indicate that all is quiet, and the army in good spirits.

Capture of the Rebel Gunboat Teazer.

FORTRESS MONROE, July 6.—The rebel gunboat Teazer was captured in a bend of James river on the 4th. Very important papers were found on her.

Spirited Address of Gen. McClellan to his Army on the Fourth of July.

Headquarters Army of the Potomac—Camp near Harrison's Landing, July 4, 1862.—Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac—Your achievements of the last ten days have illustrated the valor and endurance of the American soldier. Attacked by superior forces and without hope of reinforcements, you have succeeded in getting your base of operations by a flank movement, always regarded as the most hazardous of military expeditions—You have saved all your *materiel*, all your trains, and all your guns, except a few lost in battle, taking in return guns and colors from the enemy.

Upon your march you have been assailed day after day, with desperate fury by men of the same race and nation, skillfully massed and led.

Under every disadvantage of number, and necessarily of position also, you have in every conflict beaten back your foes with enormous slaughter.

Your conduct ranks you among the celebrated armies of history.

No one will now question that each of you may always say, with pride, "I belong to the army of the Potomac."

You have reached this new base complete in organization and unimpaired in spirit.

The enemy may at any time attack you. We are prepared to meet them. I have personally established your lines. Let them come, and we will convert their repulse into a final defeat.

Your government is strengthening you with the resources of a great people.

On this, the nation's birth-day, we declare to our foes, who are rebels against the best interests of mankind, that this army shall enter the capital of the so-called Confederacy; that our national Constitution shall prevail, and that the Union, which can alone insure internal peace and external security to each state, must and shall be preserved, cost what it may it may in time, treasure or blood.

[Signed] GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN,
Major General Commanding.

Proclamation of Governor Curtin.

The following Proclamation calling for more troops, was issued at Harrisburg on the 4th inst.

Pennsylvania, ss:

In the name and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, Andrew J. Curtin, Governor of the said Commonwealth.

A PROCLAMATION.

More men are required for the suppression of the rebellion. Our regiments in the field are to be recruited to their original strength, and in addition, new regiments are to be formed.

Pennsylvania has hitherto done her duty to the country. Her freemen are again called on to volunteer in her defence, that the blood of her sons, who have already fallen, may not have been shed in vain, and that we may hand down to our posterity the blessings of Union, and civil and political liberty, which we derived from our fathers.

The number of men now required and the regulations for enlistments will be made known forthwith in general orders. Meanwhile the men of Pennsylvania will hold themselves in readiness for a prompt compliance with the necessary demand upon their gallant and patriotic spirit.

Our noble Commonwealth has never yet faltered, and must stand firm now, when her honor and everything that is dear to her are at stake.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the state, at Harrisburg, this fourth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Commonwealth the eighty-seventh.

By the Governor. ELI SLIFER,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Brilliant Cavalry Affair at Booneville, Miss.

CORINTH, July 6.—To the Hon Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—Official reports have been just received of a brilliant affair of our cavalry near Booneville, Miss., on the 1st inst. Col. Sheridan, of the 2d Michigan cavalry, with two regiments, comprising 923 men, were attacked by parts of eight regiments of rebels, numbering some 4,700 men, which he defeated and drove back after seven hours' fighting. Our loss was 41 killed, wounded and missing. That of the enemy must have been very great, as he left 65 dead on the field. The official reports will be forwarded by mail. I respectfully recommend Col. Sheridan for promotion for gallant conduct in battle. H. W HALLECK,
Major-General.

Miscellaneous.

A dispatch, dated New Madrid, says that Vicksburg is ours.

The War Department has recived official information of the capture, on the 15th ult, of a fort at St. Marks, Florida.

The Richmond papers announce the arrival in that city of Gen. McCall. He is slightly wounded.

A southern refugee at Corinth says that two gun-boats and one ram are in Mobile Bay, and that 10 000 troops are stationed below the city. The fortifications around Mobile are completed.

Gen. Bragg is reported to be in command at Tupello with 45,000 men. Breckinridge had left there with 30 000 men.

At Helena, Arkansas, there is a band of guerillas 2,000 strong, threatening the people with cotton burning and a general destruction of property. Gen. Grant has issued orders to prevent it.

The banks of the Mississippi north of Vicksburg, are reported to be lined with men trying to escape there bel conscription law.

Five thousand negroes have been ordered by Gen. Butler to work a canal at the Cross Bend, opposite Vicksburg.

Jeff. Thompson has issued a proclamation to the planters and citizens of Panola and De Soto counties, Miss., urging Mississippi to form armed squads to prevent the foraging of Federal troops, and also to remove their cotton so that it can be more speedily burned in case capture is attempted.

Richmond was illuminated on the 2nd instant, in honor of the victory over the Federal army.

The special order of July 1st, discharging the staff of Major-General Fremont, is suspended until further orders.

RELIQUES.

A wild, wet night: the driving sleet
Blurs all the lamps along the quay;
The windows shake; the busy street
Is still alive with hurrying feet;
The wind raves from the sea.

So let it rave! My lamp burns bright;
My long day's work is almost done;
I curtain out each sound and sight—
Of all nights in the year, to-night
I choose to be alone.

Alone, with doors and windows fast,
Before my open desk I stand—
Alas! can twelve long months be past,
My hidden, hidden wealth! since last
I held thee in my hand?

So, there it lies! From year to year
I see the ribbon change; the page
Turn yellower; and the very tear
That blots the writing, disappear
And fade away with age.

Mine eyes grow dim when they behold
The precious trifles hoarded there—
A ring of battered Indian gold,
A withered blueball, and a fold
Of sunny chestnut hair.

Not all the riches of the earth,
Not all the treasures of the sea;
Could buy these house gods from my hearth;
But yet, the secret of their worth
Must live and die with me.

THE MARKED WINE.

AN OLD BUTLER'S STORY.

I was butler in the L—— family for nearly three years; I served them in town and country, and was more than once left in charge of the house. I had come with good recommendations from my last service in Lord Bristol's. I left them with the best of characters; but that was the last situation I ever had, or wanted. As you say of the present family, the L——s were liberal and considerate to their servants. They kept a large establishment, and everything on a grand, handsome scale, befitting a nobleman's house; but we down-stairs people made it out, it would be long business to tell you how, that Lord E—— had as little to spare as any man in Belgravia. His father had raced and gamed with the wicked Lord Lyttleton; he had done likewise with Charles James Fox, and the rest of that set, in his youth, before he turned Tory; so there were mortgages on the estate; heavily encumbered, they said it was, but would get clear perhaps in Master Vincent's time. He was the only son or child Lord and Lady L—— ever had; the Honorable Mr. L—— was his proper title now, for he was turned twenty-two, and going on his father's early courses, which, however, had been all over before he was born. At Newmarket, Epsom and Ascot, he was the man for betting on horses, and getting fleeced by blacklegs and jockeys. In gaming-houses and worse places, he was the boy for not going home till the morning; yet everybody liked Mr. Vincent, and wished him well. He was handsome, gay, and good-natured, as civil to the dustman as to my lord, ready to help every man, woman or child who had got into trouble or distress, and never willing to let a servant sit up for him without paying him well. His father and mother saw no faults in him; he was their only son and heir, and they were too much occupied with business of their own to take notice of his on-goings. Lord L—— was entirely given up to politics of the Tory kind. I am not sure whether he thought he was saving the country, or that the Ministry could not do without him, but morning, noon, and night, he was buzzing about the Conservative Club, getting letters and answering them, going to dinners and making speeches, receiving deputations in the library, talking with whippers-in, getting petitions signed, and when Parliament was sitting, very nearly living in the House of Lords. Of course, his lady went on a different tack. She was what they call a leader of fashion, having no daughters to bring out and get married. Lady L—— brought out herself; and whether it was admirers she wanted, or a richer husband, after his lordship's death, none of her maids could be certain, but the West End milliners, jewellers, and hair-dressers were forever sending in parcels and bills, and nobody saw her ladyship in the same dress for two evenings together. She minded nothing else, to my knowledge, and the butler gets a pretty good understanding of all that goes on in the four corners of a house. The morning was spent in trying on, the afternoon in getting dressed, and in the evening Lady L—— received or went out to company. She was twenty years younger than her husband; but he was some way above sixty; and leading fashion must be hard work, for there wasn't a bit on her ladyship's bones, nor a dark hair in her head, if she had not shaved it off, and worn a wig. But for constant enamelling, rouge, and pearl-powder, she would have been no beauty. In spite of the paint, the padding, and the everlasting parcels, she was not much of one; but these gentry never get things cleared up to them like common folks. Lord L—— went on from one year to another far busier than a bee with what he called his public life, and the wits at the club called him Lord Preamble and Old Red Tip. Lady L—— kept the milliners and herself up to it night and day; she said the world expected everything from a reigning belle; and her fashionable friends used to remark what efforts she made to forget her age and keep up her appearance.

They were both, as I have said, too much occupied with their own affairs to take notice of the rigs Mr. Vincent was running; but at last we all thought his mother had got a notion of them. Of the two, she was the fonder of her son. Whatever Lord L—— might have been in his youth, when they said he was so wild and gay, I suppose living in the House of Lords, and receiving deputations, had in a manner stupified him; for one might have carried off the dining-room and his lordship in it, if that had been possible, without his knowing anything about it, while he sat with his eyes half closed, droning away concerning the difficulties of the cabinet, and the coalitions that ought to be formed. I have learned those grand words with hearing them so often at the sideboard. But Lady L—— was of a quicker turn, and besides, her business was a far more expensive one than his lordship's. In saving the country and keeping in the Ministry, he spent nothing but his time, for which he had no other use, but her eternal parcels brought bills after them. The family had just enough to do in keeping up their style; the bills had not been paid for years; dunning letters and messages were coming every day, and her ladyship generally went into hysterics once a quarter when they were particularly pressing. In short, Lady L——'s debts were something past the common, and so were her son's. There was no use in letting his lordship know; beside his mortgaged estate and his great occupation, he had an uncommonly stiff temper of the cold, hard kind, and humdrum as he was, his livelier lady and son both stood in dread of him.

Such was the state of things when I came into their service. The valets and the lady's maid lived in the daily expectation of setting out with them to the continent, seeing the town-house closed, and the establishment broken up; but Lady L—— was a woman of wonderful management. There was at that time—you see it is thirty years ago—a man—I ought to say a gentleman, perhaps—living in C—— Square, whom they called Mr. Vanderholt. Some said he was a Jew, some said he was a Dutchman, but everybody agreed that there was not a richer man in the West End.

Mr. Vanderholt was publicly a banker and a member of Parliament; privately known to be the head of a solicitoring firm, who carried on business and sharp practice, it was said, in Craven Street, Strand; believed to be the moneyed and money-making man of several speculating companies; and supposed to be a money-lender in the quietest way, with exorbitant interest and sound security.—On which of these accounts, or if it were for them all together, I cannot tell, but from fellow-butlers and footmen in the best houses I learned that Mr. Vanderholt was to be seen at their finest balls and tip-top dinners. He was a stout, bald-headed man, somewhere about fifty-five, with a dark complexion, a hard, steady face, and a harder manner of speaking. At the best table and among the finest company, he would have said anything in the way of taking people down, or telling his mind with a kind of a dry sneer. He wore no fashionable things, scarcely dressed well, was not particular in the use of soap and water; but a greater judge of good dinners and good wine there was not in all London. The most confident cooks stood in mortal fear of him; and ladies who at all affected housekeeping, had no rest in their minds for a week before he came to dinner. It was my belief, the gentry, every one, hated him, yet he dined and drank wine, and made his dry remarks before them. The ladies disliked him particularly. He had never married, and never would, it was thought.—His house in C—— Square was kept by a foreign housekeeper with a few servants, for he saw a little company at home. Lady L—— disliked him most of all: they said it was for some observations about paint and finery never concealing age; but I know that her ladyship never called Mr. Vanderholt anything in my first season of service but "that shocking old bore." You may judge, then, that there was a good deal of talk and speculation among us down stairs the week before the Derby-day, when a select dinner-party was given at L—— House, and Mr. Vanderholt was one of the company. I had the honor of hearing him make his remarks on the dinner, the wine, and the ladies; in fact, on everything that came under his eye or taste, just as my acquaintances of other pantries and sideboards had told me. It is in my recollection how he informed Lord L—— that a thousand like him could not keep the Ministry in their places, if there were any chance of them going out; and warned her ladyship that French white satin did not suit people getting into years. I saw her eyes flash fire. Lady L—— had a considerable temper and pride enough for Lucifer's eldest daughter, but she made believe to smile the next minute, though it was only a grin, and paid the stout, bald-headed, disagreeable man as much attention as if he had been the Duke of Wellington.

After that, they never had dejeuner, dinner, or ball that Mr. Vanderholt was not invited. He never made himself a whit more agreeable; yet her ladyship continued to show him uncommon civility, and always looked disappointed and out of sorts when he did not happen to come. It was the wonder among us servants what she could see in him—and Mr. Vincent appeared to be taken with the Jew or Dutchman quite as much as was his mother. We noticed that they drew together more since the duns began to come about them; but Lord L—— did not share in their fancy for Mr. Vanderholt. I heard him once say to her ladyship when she was issuing cards of invitation out of the back drawing-room: "Why on earth do you invite that vulgar creature?" and she gave him a long lecture about doing as the world did, and paying proper attention to people who had become fashionable, and were seen in the first society. I know they had other arguments on the subject, for Robinson the footman heard them. Mr. Vincent would not dispute with his father, but he helped Lady L—— in the entertaining of her favorite, and agreed with his lordship that the old man was a terrible bore. We couldn't make it out; but at last Lady L——'s maid—she was a Frenchwoman, keen and clever as they generally are, but a very respectable young person; you see I have no prejudices, ma'am, though they did say mademoiselle refused me, which wasn't true, for I never popped the question; my own Martha, that's now Mrs. Johnson, and I were keeping company; indeed, at the time, the French maid and I were good friends, and she told me one day that Mr. Vincent's debts, and her ladyship's too, were all paid, but she could not tell what had become of the family diamonds which Lady L—— used to wear so constantly, and keep with such care. Her story proved to be true. The parcels began to come without bills or messages, the ill-looking men who came inquiring for Mr. Vincent were seen no more; neither were Lady L——'s diamonds; they were nearly all the jewels she had, and very valuable ones. I remember hearing Lord L—— ask her at breakfast one morning why she hadn't worn them at the Duchess of Manchester's ball the evening before. Her ladyship's color could not change, thanks to the enamelling; but there was a quivering of great fear about her face, and she muttered something about diamonds not suiting her pink organdane; and Mr. Vincent took his father off the subject by telling him about somebody in Parliament who was believed to be ratting.

Every one of the L—— family went on his own way, as folks do in great houses where there is room for the like. The seasons went on, too, with the goings out of town and the comings back, his lordship's politics, her ladyship's parcels, Mr. Vincent's bets, and other doings known to nobody but himself and his valet. But as the seasons went and came, Mr. Vanderholt went and came with them. They had him out at their seat in Devonshire for shooting; they had him back with a select company for private theatricals at Christmas; they had him at every party they gave in Belgrave Square; and we did not wonder, for it was plain how the debts had been paid, and where the money had been borrowed. One thing rather puzzled me and Robinson the footman, who, I must say, was clever at making matters out, and that was how Lady L—— happened to get her diamonds to wear once a month or so, till the French maid made me clear on it, for, said she, with a knowing look: "It's only vat you English call a loan."

It was about the beginning of my last season in the L—— service, and while things were in the state I have been telling you, that we began to notice a queer, bad-looking woman, who came inquiring for Lady L——, and was taken up the back-stairs by her maid. I knew mademoiselle did not like the look of her, and she couldn't—queer and bad is the nearest account of it I can give you, ma'am. The woman was old, and maybe she had been handsome in her young days, for it was a gipsy face, with very dark complexion, very black eyes, and very black hair, with a good deal of gray among it. She was tall and thin, had a hooked nose, a deep voice, and went mostly muffled up in a dark-red or rather ash-colored cloak. Robinson told me he had first seen her speaking to Lady L—— one day in Kensington Gardens, when she got out of the carriage, he believed in pure bad temper, because nobody in Rotton Row would pay proper attention to the new Indian shawl she had on. He said it was his belief the woman was a fortune-teller, and whatever she said to Lady L—— it put her at once in good-humor. They talked for some time under the trees, and all the words he could catch were about getting out of trouble and being at the top of the tree. The queer woman had come five or six times, and had long talks with Lady L—— in her dressing-room. We thought her ladyship might have had something else to think of than getting her fortune told by an old gipsy, for Mr. Vanderholt had come two or three times lately, as it seemed by appointment, when Lord L—— was known to be at the club, and had been closeted with her and Mr. Vincent in the library. Robinson, too, going in on a quiet message one day after he was gone, heard the young man wish he had not taken those post-obits for the old knave would let it out some day, and his mother answered: "No, Vincent; I'll take care he shan't; it was for me you did it as well as for yourself: it would be worse if Lord L—— knew about the diamonds, and he says this is the last loan of them I am to have." Robinson said he heard her groan at the end of that speech like a troubled ghost, if ever there was one; and he was sent the same evening, just before she went to dinner at Apsley House, with a note addressed to Mrs. Brewer, I forget where in the Seven Dials.

The day after, Lady L—— had been invited to a quadrille-party; a lace-dress had been sent home for it, but she changed her mind, and would not go, lest her strength should be too far exhausted to entertain a company of select friends who were coming to dinner next day, and Mr. Vanderholt among them. People were to understand she had gone, however; her ladyship wished to spend that evening quietly in her own room. Lord L—— and Mr. Vincent were both out at different dinners; the French maid got leave to go and see a friend she had in one of the houses in Eaton Square; the rest of us were all down stairs doing very little; the house was dark and quiet—her ladyship did not like noise—and as the London season was wearing to its end, the whole square was quiet too. I remember it was twilight. Lady L——'s dinner was to be served in her dressing-room, and I was taking it up, when I heard a knock at the back-door, and the voice of the old woman—I would have known it among a thousand—inquiring for her ladyship. She must have been on the watch, for down stairs she came like lightning, and stopped me with: "Don't bring up the dinner just yet, Johnson; leave your tray aside, and bring that poor woman up to me in the dressing-room; she is an unfortunate creature, who comes to tell her family trials, and I have always an interest in the afflicted." It was the first time that ever anybody learned that of Lady L——; but I did as I was ordered—laid aside my tray, and showed the old woman up to her dressing-room. I scarcely noticed it at the time, but it occurred to my mind afterwards, that she was carrying something very like a bottle carefully hidden under her cloak. If she were telling of family trials, they were soon disclosed, for we never knew the old woman to stay so short a time. Robinson heard her say: "Good-night and good-fortune, your ladyship," and she came down stairs chinking money.

Next day, the select party were expected: they were not a large company, and no young people among them, but every one great judges of cookery and wine; so there was extra work in the kitchen, and I had to be particular in my bringings-up from the cellar and pantry. Everything was nearly ready; the family had gone to dress for dinner: Robinson was at his post in the hall; I was in the dining-room settling the sideboard, and putting some choice wine Lord L—— had bought in the cooler. It was of a kind in high fashion then among Tory gentlemen, for Whigs and Tories were still going at the time. It came from Prince Metternich's vineyard; and they called it Johannisberg. Well, I was putting it in, when a foot came behind me; and to my astonishment, there was Lady L——, looking very flurried, and still in her morning-dress.

"Johnson," said she, "do you see among those bottles one with a mark on the cork?"

"Yes, my lady," said I, after looking over them, and noticing one more than the number I had brought up, with a queer mark on the cork, which I could compare to nothing but the track of a sharp claw or nail dug into it.

"Very well, Johnson"—and she spoke almost in my ear—"when the cloth is removed, and the gentlemen are going to have their wine, you will draw that bottle, and set it by Mr. Vanderholt. Remember, it is for him, and no one else. He pretends to be such a judge of wine; and I wish to try—in fact, I have a wager on the subject—and you will take care that no one else gets that bottle. I will not forget it, if you will help to win my wager."

"I'll see that no one else gets it, my lady," said I, thinking it very natural that she should wish to take the old fellow down a trifle from his conceit about wine; and saying: "I will depend on you, Johnson," she ran up-stairs to dress. I looked once more at the bottle, to make my eyes sure of it. The mark was a queer one; but there was nothing else, of either color or appearance, to distinguish it from the rest of the wine; and somebody must have brought and placed it among the other bottles while I was out of the room. Her ladyship deserves credit for such a clever trick upon Vanderholt. Nobody but myself knew the secret; and I kept it, in hopes there would be a good laugh at him up-stairs and down. The family got dressed; the company arrived; the cook and myself got creditably through the dinner; there were a great many new dishes; and even Vanderholt found no fault. I never saw the banker better satisfied, nor heard him say less disagreeable things. Neither did I ever see Lady L—— pay him more attention, or look in such high spirits herself. At last, the dinner was finished, the cloth was removed, and I set on the wine, taking special care to draw the marked bottle, and place it by Mr. Vanderholt. Fashions change, ma'am; and gentlemen don't drink quite so much now as they did thirty years ago. Being so long out of high-life, I am not sure if every man's bottle is set by him as it was then at Lord L——'s. He said he was a Conservative, and liked to keep up old customs, and none of the company he had that evening appeared to dissent as concerned the Johannisberg. The ladies rose and retired to the drawing-room; the gentlemen tasted their wine, and pronounced it excellent, all but Mr. Vanderholt, who was talking so deeply with Mr. Vincent about a wonderful race-horse—the first time I ever heard him talk of the like—that he appeared to forget his bottle. Suddenly there was a noise in the square—a newsman proclaiming the state of the poll at Lancaster; it was election-time throughout the country—the Parliament had been dissolved on account of the Reform Bill, I think. Lord L—— was up into the window in a great state of excitement; all the gentlemen, even Mr. Vincent, followed his example, and I also took the liberty of looking out; but Mr. Vanderholt sat still at the table, and as I turned in that direction, my eye caught the movement of his hands among the nearest bottles. I did not comprehend it till they were all sat down again, filling their glasses and talking over the Lancashire poll, which was not at all to their minds. Perhaps that made the wine go down quicker; and Mr. Vincent was drinking as fast as any of them, but it was out of the bottle with the marked cork. The old fellow had exchanged it for his while the rest were looking out, though he never appeared to have noticed cork or bottle. I, of course, could not interfere, could find no excuse for telling my lady, and stood in great fear of being blamed for foiling her scheme. I had resolved on taking the first opportunity to let her know, when I saw Mr. Vincent lay down his glass and rise from the table, with a hurried whisper to Vanderholt, who still sat next him. The look of his face struck me as that of a man quite intoxicated, but he said as he passed me:—"Johnson, go and find my valet, if you can; send him to me in my own room, for I am not well;" and walked steadily out.

I ran to find the valet, sent him up stairs, and came back to my post, still looking for an excuse, to the drawing-room; but while the company drank on, and I stood wondering what could be the matter with Mr. Vincent, a cry from his valet startled the whole house. Robinson and I were the first to rush into our young master's room, and there we found him lying on the bed, in strong but very quiet convulsions. The family doctor was sent for in all haste; but before he came, the convulsions had ceased, the face had turned perfectly blue, and Mr. Vincent had gone to his account.

I need not tell you of the horror and confusion in the house; everybody agreed that Lady L—— showed wonderful presence of mind, and made less noise than any of her guests, except Mr. Vanderholt. He and they went home as quickly as they could. I understand that the fright turned some of them very pious, but I never heard that it had any effect upon him. The family doctor made a great fuss at first, wanted to keep every person in the house, and analyze the wine they had been drinking; but when Lady L—— had talked to him a few minutes in the library, he gave up both intentions, and told us that Mr. Vincent's death had been caused by a sudden derangement of the vital functions. I never knew what that meant, till the newspapers, in their notice of his death, said that it was a spasm of the heart. But I knew too late what had been intended, and what part I had been made to take in it; and when the funeral was fairly over, I took the opportunity of my lady being alone in the drawing-room to go to her quietly, and ask my discharge.

"You'll get it, Johnson, and an excellent character," said she, pulling out her purse.

"Stop, my lady," said I, "what I did, was by your orders: had I known what it was, I would have put my hand in the fire rather than do it. The evil has fallen on you and yours, and for my own sake, I'll never publish it; but I'll take no money, my lady: it would burn my conscience."

She never uttered a word, but made me a sign to leave the room; and within the same hour the housekeeper gave me my proper wages and a first-rate certificate. Neither she nor any of my fellow-servants could ever make out why I left, or was sent away; I kept the story to myself, and did not frequent their company, lest they should poke into it. But before that season ended, the establishment was broken up, and the house in Belgrave Square let to a foreign nobleman. Lord L—— had got a knowledge of his lady's debts, and his poor son's too. Of course, the man who changed the bottles lost the post-obits; goodness knows if he counted on that when making the exchange. At any-rate, he lived long after, was always rich, and in a manner courted by the West-end people; and they tell me there is a tablet in St. George's Church quite covered with his virtues. Lord and Lady L—— retired to their country-seat in Devonshire, a great old hall, and they lived in separate wings of it; but in the year after her son's death, Lady L—— had to be removed to a private asylum. I have heard that her fancy was a fear of being poisoned, and it made her half starve herself in spite of the doctors and keepers. She did not live long, and neither did Lord L——; so the title and estate passed to the present family about the time my Lizzie was born; and now you understand why I don't want her to go to service in that house. They are no relations, except by marriage, it's true: but, ma'am, I have seen Lady L—— riding in Rotten Row; she looks exactly like the last one; and Lizzie might get some such work to do as I got with the marked wine.

THREE KISSES.

"I have three kisses in my life,
So sweet and sacred unto me,
That now till death-dews rest on them,
My lips shall kissless be.

"One kiss was given in childhood's hour,
By one who never gave another;
In life and death I still shall feel
That last kiss of my mother.

"The next kiss burned my lips for years,
For years my wild heart reeled in bliss
At every memory of the hour
When my lips felt love's first kiss.

"The last kiss of the sacred three
Had all the wo which e'er can move
The heart of woman; it was pressed
Upon the dead lips of my love.

"Whose lips have felt the dying kiss,
And felt the kiss of burning love,
And kissed the dead—then never more
In kissing should they think to move."

—*Knickerbocker.*

A PATTERN PRAYER.

William Cole says:—"This very curious prayer was brought to me, August 21st, 1776, by Dr. Edwin, of Cambridge, who took it out of an old *Fog's Journal*: 'O Lord! thou knowest that I have nine houses in the city of London, and likewise that I have lately purchased an estate, in fee simple, in the County of Essex; Lord, I beseech thee to preserve the two Counties of Essex and Middlesex from fires and earthquakes; and as I have a mortgage in Hertfordshire, I beg thee likewise to have an eye of compassion on that County. And, Lord, for the rest of the counties, thou mayest deal with them as thou art pleased. O Lord! enable the banks to answer all their bills, and make all my debtors good men. Give a prosperous voyage and return to the Mermaid sloop, which I have insured; and, Lord, thou hast said "That the days of the wicked are short," and I trust thou wilt not forget thy promises, having purchased an estate in reversion from Sir J. P., a profligate young man. Lord, keep our funds from sinking, and, if it be thy will, let there be no *sinking* fund. Keep my son Caleb out of evil company and from gaming-houses. And sanctify, O Lord! this night to me by preserving me from thieves and fire, and make my servant honest and careful, whilst I thy servant lie down in thee, O Lord! Amen!'"

Suicides in France.—A curious calculation respecting suicides has just been published. It shows the number of suicides committed in France since the beginning of the present century is not less than 300,000. The returns are not complete, however, except from the years 1836. From that year to the year 1852 there were 52,126 suicides, being an average of 3,060 yearly, in 1858 there were 3,903 suicides, of which 3,050 were by men and 853 by women. The last return given is for the year 1859, when there were 3,057 suicides committed by men and 842 by women.

OLD FOLKS.

Ah, don't be sorrowful, darling,
And don't be sorrowful, pray;
Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling,
Time's waves they heavily run;
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun!

We are old folks now, my darling,
Our heads they are growing gray;
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find the May.

We have had our May, my darling,
And our roses long ago;
And the time of the year is coming, my dear,
For the silent night and the snow.

And God is God, my darling,
Of night as well as of day,
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way.

Ay, God of the night, my darling—
Of the night of death so grim;
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN IN SOCIETY.

[Mr. Dicey, an English gentleman, author of a life of Count Cavour, and of several other works on subjects connected with Italy, is now travelling in this country, and writes in the current number of MacMillan's Magazine some lively sketches of notable men about Washington. We quote the following:—]

"On the occasion when I had the honor of meeting the President, the company was a small one, with most of whom he was personally acquainted. I have no doubt, therefore, that he was as much at his ease as usual. There was a look of depression about his face, which, I am told by those who see him daily, was habitual to him even before his child's death. It was strange to me to witness the perfect terms of equality on which he appeared to be with everybody. Occasionally some of his interlocutors called to him "Mr. President," but the habit was to address him simply as "Sir." It was not, indeed, till I was introduced to him, that I was aware that the President was one of the company. He talked little, and seemed to prefer others talking to him to talking himself; but, when he spoke, his remarks were always shrewd and sensible. You would never say he was a gentleman; you would still less say he was not one. There are some women about whom no one ever thinks in connection with beauty one way or the other: and there are men to whom the epithet of gentleman-like or ungentleman-like appears utterly incongruous; and of such Mr. Lincoln is one. Still there is about him an utter absence of pretension, and an evident desire to be courteous to everybody, which is the essence, if not the outward form, of good breeding. There is a softness, too, about his smile, and a sparkle of dry humor about his eye, which redeem the expression of his face, and remind me more of the late Doctor Arnold, as a child's recollection recalls him, than of any face I can call to mind.

"The conversation, like that of all American official men I have met with, was unrestrained in the presence of strangers, to a degree perfectly astonishing. Any remarks that I heard made, as to the present state of affairs, I do not feel at liberty to repeat, though really every public man here appears not only to live in a glass house, but in a reverberating gallery, and to be absolutely indifferent as to who sees or hears him.—There are few 'Lincolniana,' however, which I may fairly quote, and which will show the style of his conversation. Some of the party began smoking, and our host remarked, laughingly, 'The President has got no vices; he neither smokes nor drinks.' 'That is a doubtful compliment,' answered the President; 'I recollect once being outside a stage in Illinois, and a man sitting by me offered me a cigar. I told him I had no vices. He said nothing, smoked for some time, and then grunted out, "its my experience that folks who have no vices have plaguy few virtues.'" Again, a gentleman present was telling how a friend of his had been driven away from New Orleans as a Unionist, and how, on his expulsion, when he asked to see the writ by which he was expelled, the deputation which called on him told him that the Government had made up their minds to do nothing illegal, and so they had issued no illegal writ, and simply meant to *make* him go of his own free will. 'Well,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'that reminds me of a hotel-keeper down at St. Louis, who boasted he never had a death in his hotel, for whenever a guest was dying in his house, he carried him out to die in the street.' At another time the conversation turned upon the discussions as to the Missouri Compromise, and elicited the following quaint remark from the President: 'I used to amuse me some (*sic*) to find that the slave-holders wanted more territory, because they had not room enough for their slaves, and yet they complained of not having the slave-trade, because they wanted more slaves for their room.'"

Heart Magnetism.—If one should give me a dish of sand, and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes, and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how would it draw to itself the almost invisible particles, by the mere power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my fingers in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessings; only the iron in God's sand is gold.

☞ Woman lost one Paradise, but she can easily make another wherever she goes.

CONSOLATION.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Now leave, oh, leave me; I have stayed to hear
All the vain comfortings your lips have said—
Well meant, but yet they fall upon my ear
As yellow leaves might whirl about my head—
Now leave me with my dead.

I would not be ungrateful, friends—but still
Your kind, condoling voices trouble me;
This aching need, which words can never fill,
Rejects your proffered comfort utterly,
As husks and vanity.

They are unwise physicians, who would bind
A bleeding wound, and pour in wine and oil,
While yet the arrow-head remains behind—
This stab, whence yet the ruddy life drops boil,
Mocks your unskillful toil.

You tell me that to him I mourn, is given
Such bliss as makes this world seem poor and dim—
Is there an angel in the whole of heaven,
In all the shining ranks of seraphim,
Can take *my* place to him?

Can he be happy while I grieve and pine?
Can he rejoice, and I in misery?
Then he is changed, and is no longer mine—
For he so loved me that he could not be
Content away from me.

If I had died and left him here below,
Not all the glories of a heavenly birth
Could make me blest, if he were sunk in woe—
If he were weeping, stricken, crushed on earth,
Heaven would be little worth.

And yet you say he dwells in joy and peace,
Far from this dim and sorrowful estate—
And, when my earthly wanderings shall cease,
Will come and meet me at life's outer gate;
"Be strong," you say, "and wait."

Would that I were like Stephen, and could see
What time the cruel stones bruise out my soul,
The opening heavens, and angels waiting me!
Alas, I hear no homeward chariot-roll,
No welcome to the goal.

Ah, me! the red is yet upon my cheek,
And in my veins life's vigorous currents play—
Adown my hair there shines no warning streak,
And the sweet meeting which you paint to-day
Seems sadly far away.

Another tells me that he loves me still,
Sees, hears, and guides me through life's hurrying throng,
While I, despite my yearning sense and will,
Am blind and deaf, and do his deep love wrong,
By weeping all day long.

What does it comfort me, if still he walks
Beside me all the while, invisibly?
What does it help me, that a dear ghost mocks
Blind eyes with unseen smiles? I fail to see
What comfort it may be.

There is no balm. Though he may dwell in bliss,
I sit in grief. It is the loss, the lack,
The absence, and the utter emptiness
Which kills me. Comfort?—Find the graveward track
And bring my darling back!

—*Portland Transcript.*

THE CHANNINGS.

BY MRS. WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," &c., &c.

CHAPTER LIV.

"THE SHIP'S LOST!"

Rejecting all offers of refreshment—the welcome-home meal which Constance had planned, and Judith prepared, both with so much loving care—Mr. Channing resolved to seek out Butterby at once. In his state of suspense, he could neither wait, nor eat, nor remain still; it would be a satisfaction only to see Butterby, and hear his opinion.

Mr. Huntley accompanied him, scarcely less proud than Hamish would have been, to walk once more arm-in-arm with Mr. Channing. But as there is not the least necessity for our going to the police station, for Mr. Butterby could tell us no more than we already know, we will just pay a short visit to Mr. Stephen Bywater.

That gentleman stood in the cloisters, into which he had seduced old Jenkins, the bedesman, having waited for the dusk hour, that he might make sure nobody else would be there. Ever since the last day you saw old Jenkins in the cathedral, he had been laid up in his house, with a touch of what he called his "rheumatiz." Decrepit old fellows were all the bedesmen, monopolizing enough "rheumatiz" between them for half the city. If one was not laid up, another would be, especially in winter. However, old Jenkins had come out again to-day, to the gratification of Mr. Bywater, who had been wanting him. The cloisters were all but dark, and Mr. Ketch must undoubtedly be most agreeably engaged, or he would have shut up before.

"Now then, old Jenkins!" Bywater was saying. "You show me the exact spot, and I'll give you sixpence for smoke."

Old Jenkins hobbled to one of the mullioned windows near to the college entrance, and looked over into the dim grave-yard. "'Twere about four or six yards off here," said he.

"But I want to know the precise spot," returned Bywater. "Get over, and show me!"

The words made old Jenkins laugh.

"Law, sir! me get over there! You might as well ask me to get over the college. How be I to do it?"

"I'll hoist you up," said Bywater.

"No, no," answered the man. "My old bones be past hoisting now. I shouldn't never get back alive, once I were propelled over into that there grave-yard."

Bywater felt considerably discomfited.

"What a weak rat you must be, old Jenkins! Why, it's nothing!"

"I know it ain't—for you college gents. 'Twouldn't have been much for me when I were your age. Skin nor clothes warn't of much account to me then."

"Oh, it's that, is it?" returned Bywater, contemptuously. "Look here, old Jenkins! if your things come to the worst, I'll get my uncle to look you out some of his old ones. I'll give you sixpence for bacca, I say!"

The old bedesman shook his head.

"If you give me a wagon load of baccy, I couldn't try at getting over there. You might just as good put a baby in arms on the ground, and tell it to walk!"

"Here! get out of the way for an old muff!" was Bywater's rejoinder; and in a second he had mounted the window-frame, and dropped into the burial-ground. "Now then, old Jenkins, I'll go about, and you call out when I come to the right spot."

By these means, Bywater arrived at a solution of the question, whereabouts the broken phial was found; old Jenkins pointing out the spot, to the best of his ability. Bywater then vaulted back again, and alighted safe and sound in the cloisters. Old Jenkins asked for his sixpence.

"Why you did not earn it!" said Bywater. "You wouldn't get over!"

"A sixpence is always useful to me," said the old man; "and some of you gents has 'em in plenty. I ain't paid much; and Joe, he don't give me much. 'Tain't him; he'd give away his head, and always would—it's her. Precious close she is with the money, though she earns a sight of it, I know, at that shop of her'n, and keeps Joe like a king. Wine, and all the rest of it, she have got for him, since he was ill. 'There's a knife and fork for ye, whenever ye like to come,' she says to me, in her tart way. But deuce a bit of money will she give. If it weren't for one and another friend a giving me a odd sixpence now and then, Master Bywater, I should never hardly get no baccy!"

"There; don't bother!" said Bywater, dropping the coin into his hand.

"Why, bless my heart, who's this, a prowling in the cloisters at this hour?" exclaimed a well-known, cracked voice, advancing upon them, simultaneously with shuffling footsteps. "What do you do here, pray?"

"You would like to know, wouldn't you, Mr. Calcraft?" said Bywater. "Studying architecture. There!"

Old Ketch gave a yell of impotent rage, and Bywater decamped, as fast as his legs would carry him, through the west door.

Arrived at his home, or, rather, his uncle's, where he lived—for Bywater's paternal home was in a far-off place, over the sea—he went straight up to his own room, where he struck a match, and lighted a candle. Then he unlocked a sort of bureau, and took from it the phial found by old Jenkins, and a smaller piece which exactly fitted into the part broken. He had fitted them in ten times before, but it appeared to afford him satisfaction, and he now sat down and fitted them again.

"Yes," soliloquised he, as he nursed one of his legs—his favorite attitude—"it's as sure as eggs. And I'd have had it out before, if that old helpless muff of a Jenkins had been forthcoming. I knew it was safe to be somewhere near the college gates; but it was as well to ask."

He turned the phial over and over between his eye and the candle, and resumed—

"And now I'll give Mr. Ger a last chance. I told him the other day that if he'd only speak up like a man to me, and say it was an accident, I'd drop it for good. But he won't. And find it out, I will. I have said I would from the first, just for my own satisfaction; and if I break my word, may they tar and feather me! Ger will only have himself to thank; if he won't satisfy me in private, I'll bring it against him in public. I suspected Mr. Ger before; not but what I suspected another; but since Charley Channing—oh! bother, though! I don't want to get thinking of *him!*"

Bywater re-locked up his treasures, and descended to his tea. That over, he had enough lessons to occupy him for a few hours, and keep him out of mischief.

Meanwhile Mr. Channing's interview with the renowned Mr. Butterby had brought forth nothing, and he was walking back home with Mr. Huntley. Mr. Huntley strove to lead his friend's thoughts into a different channel; it seemed quite a mockery to endeavor to whisper hope for Charley.

"You will resume your own place in Guild Street at once?" he observed.

"To-morrow, please God."

They walked a few steps further in silence; and then Mr. Channing entered upon the very subject which Mr. Huntley was hoping he would not enter upon.

"I remember, you spoke, at Borcette, of having something in view for Hamish, should I be able to attend to business again. What is it?"

"I did," said Mr. Huntley; "and I am sorry that I did. I spoke prematurely."

"I suppose it is gone?"

"Well—no; it is not gone," replied Mr. Huntley, who was above equivocation. "I do not think Hamish would suit for the place."

Mr. Channing felt a little surprised. There were few places that Hamish might not suit for, if he chose to put out his talents.

"You thought he would suit, then?" he remarked.

"But circumstances have since induced me to alter my opinion," said Mr. Huntley. "My friend," he more warmly added to Mr. Channing, "you will oblige me by allowing the subject to drop. I candidly confess to you that I am not so pleased with Hamish as I once was, and I would rather not interfere in placing him."

"How has he offended you? What has he done?"

"Nay, that is all I will say. I could not help giving you a hint, to account for what you might have deemed caprice. Hamish has not pleased me, and I cannot take him by the hand. There let it rest."

Mr. Channing was content to let it rest. In his inmost heart he entertained no doubt that the cause of offence was in some way connected with Mr. Huntley's daughter. Hamish was poor; Ellen would be rich, therefore it was but natural that Mr. Huntley should consider him an ineligible *parti* for her. Mr. Channing did not quite see what that had to do with the present question; but he could not, in delicacy, urge it further.

They found quite a levee when they got in; the Reverend Mr. Pye, Mr. Galloway—who had called in, with Arthur, upon leaving the office for the night—and William Yorke. All were anxious to welcome and congratulate Mr. Channing; and all were willing to tender a word of sympathy, touching Charles. Possibly Mr. Yorke had also another motive; if so, we shall come to it in due time.

Mr. Pye stayed but a few minutes. He did not say a word about the seniorship, neither did *Mr. Channing* to him. What, indeed, could either of them say? The subject was unpleasant to both sides; therefore it was best avoided. Tom, however, thought differently.

"Papa!" he exclaimed, plunging into it the moment Mr. Pye's back was turned, "you might have taken the opportunity to tell him that I shall leave the school. It is not often he comes here."

"But you are not going to leave the school," said Mr. Channing.

"Yes, I am," replied Tom, speaking with unmistakable firmness. "Hamish made me stay on until you came home; and I don't know how I have done it. It is of no use, papa! I cannot put up with the treatment—the insults. It was bad enough to lose the seniorship, but that is as nothing to the other. And to what end should I stop in, when my chance of the exhibition is gone?"

"It is not gone, Tom. Mr. Huntley—as word was written to me at Borcette—has declined it for his son."

"It is not the less gone for me, papa. Let me merit it as I will, I shall not be allowed to receive it, any more than I did the seniorship. I am out of favor, both with masters and boys; and you know what that means, relative to a public school. If you witness the way I am served by the boys, you would be the first to say I must leave."

"What do they do?" asked Mr. Channing.

"They do enough to provoke my life out of me," said Tom, falling into a little of his favorite heat. "Were it myself only that they attacked, I don't know but I might stop and brave it out; but it is not. They go on against Arthur in a way that would make a saint mad."

"Pooh, pooh!" interposed Mr. Galloway, who was standing by. "If I am content to accept the innocence of Arthur, surely the college school may be.

Mr. Channing turned to the proctor—

"Do you now believe him innocent?"

"I say I am content to accept his innocence," was the reply of Mr. Galloway; and Arthur, who was within hearing, could only do as he had to do so many times before—school his spirit to patience. "Content to accept," and open exculpation, were things essentially different.

"Let me speak with you a minute, Galloway," said Mr. Channing, taking the proctor's arm and leading him across the hall to the drawing-room. "Tom," he added, looking back, "you shall tell me of these grievances another time."

The drawing-room door closed upon them, and Mr. Channing spoke with eagerness—

"Is it possible that you still suspect Arthur to have been guilty?"

"Channing, I am fairly puzzled," returned Mr. Galloway. "His own manner relating to it has not changed, and that manner is not compatible with innocence. You made the same remark yourself at the time."

"But you have had the money returned to you, I understand."

"I know I have."

"Well, that surely is a proof that the thief could not have been Arthur."

"Pardon me," replied Mr. Galloway. "It may be a proof as much against him as for him; it may have come from himself."

"Nay. Where was Arthur to get twenty pounds to send to you?"

"There are two ways in which he might get it. But,—" Mr. Galloway broke off abruptly—"I do not like to urge these things on you; they can only inflict pain."

"Not greater pain than I have already undergone," was Mr. Channing's answer. "Tell me, I pray you, all you thoughts—all you suspect: just as though you were speaking to any indifferent friend. It is right that I should know it. Yes, come in Huntley," Mr. Channing added, for Mr. Huntley at that moment opened the door, unconscious that any private conference was going forward.—"I have no secrets from you. Come in.—We are talking of Arthur."

"I was observing that there are two means by which the money could have come from Arthur," resumed Mr. Galloway, when Mr. Huntley had entered: "the one, by his never having used the note originally taken; the other, by getting a friend to return it for him. Now, my opinion is, that he did not pursue the first plan. I believe that, if he took the note, he used it. I questioned him on the evening of its arrival, and at the first moment his manner almost convinced me that he was innocent. He appeared to be genuinely surprised at the return of the money, and ingenuously confessed that he had not possessed any to send. But his manner veered again—suddenly, strangely—veered round to all its old unsatisfactory suspiciousness; and when I hinted that I should recall Butterby to my counsels, he became agitated, as he had done formerly. My firm belief—" Mr. Galloway added, laying his hand impressively upon Mr. Channing—"my firm belief is, that Arthur did get the money sent back to me through a friend."

"But what friend would be likely to do such a thing for him?" debated Mr. Channing, not in the least falling in with the argument. "I know of none."

"I think—" and Mr. Galloway dropped his voice—"that it came from Hamish."

"From Hamish!" was Mr. Channing's echo, in a strong accent of dissent. "That is nonsense. Hamish would not lend himself to screen guilt. Hamish has not twenty pounds to spare."

"He might spare it in the cause of a brother; and for a brother's sake he might even screen guilt," pursued Mr. Galloway. "Honorable and open as Hamish is, I must still express my belief that the twenty pounds came from him."

"Honorable and open as Hamish is!" The words grated on the ear of Mr. Huntley, and a cynical expression rose to his face. Mr. Channing observed it. "What do you think of it?" he involuntarily asked.

"I have never had any other opinion but that the money did come from Hamish," dryly remarked Mr. Huntley. And Mr. Channing, in his utter astonishment, could not answer.

"Hamish happened to call in at my office the afternoon that the money was received," resumed Mr. Galloway. "It was after I had spoken to Arthur. I had been thinking it over, and came to the conclusion that if it had come from Arthur, Hamish must have done it for him. In the impulse of the moment, I put the question to him—Had he done it to screen Arthur? And Hamish's answer was a mocking one."

"A mocking one!" repeated Mr. Channing.

"A light, mocking, careless answer; one that vexed me, I know, at the time. The next day, I told Arthur, point blank, that I believed the money came from Hamish. I wish you could have seen his flush of confusion! and deny it he did not. Altogether, my impression against Arthur was rather confirmed than the contrary, by the receipt of the money; though I am truly grieved to have to say it."

"And *you* think the same!" Mr. Channing exclaimed to Mr. Huntley.

"Never mind what I think," was the answer. "Beyond the one opinion I expressed, I will not be drawn into the discussion. I did not intend to say so much: it was a slip of the tongue."

Mr. Huntley was about to leave the room as he spoke, perhaps lest he might make other "slips." But Mr. Channing interposed and drew him back.

"Stay, Huntley," he said, "I cannot rest in this uncertainty. Oblige me by remaining one instant, while I call Hamish."

Hamish entered in obedience. He appeared somewhat surprised to see them assembled in conclave, looking so solemn; but he supposed it related to Charles. Mr. Channing undeceived him.

"Hamish, we are speaking of Arthur. Both of these gentlemen have expressed a belief—"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Mr. Huntley. "I said that I should be obliged if you would leave me out of the discussion."

"What does it signify?" returned Mr. Channing, his tone one of haste. "Hamish, Mr. Galloway has expressed to me a belief that you have so far taken part with Arthur in that unhappy affair, as to send back the money to him."

"Oh, indeed!" said Hamish; and his manner was precisely what Mr. Galloway had described it to have been at the time; light, mocking, careless. "Mr. Galloway did me the honor to express something of the same belief, I remember."

"Did you send it, Hamish?" asked his father, a severe look crossing his face.

"No, sir, I did not," emphatically replied Hamish. And Mr. Huntley turned and bent his keen eye upon him. In his heart of hearts he believed it to be a deliberate falsehood.

"I did not send the money, and I do not know who did send it," went on Hamish. "But as we are upon the subject, perhaps I may be allowed to express my opinion that, if there were as much labor taken to establish Arthur's innocence as it seems to me there is to prove him guilty, he might have been cleared long ago."

That the remark was aimed at Mr. Galloway there was no doubt. Mr. Huntley answered it; and had they been suspicious, they might have detected a covert meaning in his tone.

"You, at any rate, must hold firm faith in his innocence."

"Firm and entire faith," distinctly assented Hamish. "Father," he added, impulsively turning to Mr. Channing, "put all notion of Arthur's guilt from you at once and for ever. I would answer for him with my life."

"Then he must be screening some one," cried Mr. Galloway. "It is one thing or the other. Hamish, it strikes me you know. Who is it?"

The red flush mounted to the brow of Hamish, but he lapsed into his former mocking tone.

"Nay," said he, "I can tell nothing of that."

He quitted the room as he spoke, and the conference broke up. It appeared that no satisfactory solution could be come to, did they keep it on till midnight. Mr. Galloway took leave, and hastened home to dinner."

"I must be going also," remarked Mr. Huntley. But, nevertheless, he returned with Mr. Channing to the other room.

"You told me at Borcette that you were fully persuaded of Arthur's innocence: you were ready to ridicule me for casting a doubt upon it," Mr. Channing remarked to him in a low tone, as they crossed the hall.

"I have never been otherwise than persuaded of it," said Mr. Huntley. "He is innocent as you, or as I."

"And yet you join Mr. Galloway in assuming that he and Hamish sent back the money! The one assertion is incompatible with the other."

Mr. Huntley laid his hand upon Mr. Channing's shoulder.

"My dear friend, all that you and I can do is to let the matter rest. We should only plunge into shoals and quicksands, and lose our way in them, were we to pursue it."

They had halted at the parlor door to speak. Judith came bustling up at that moment from the kitchen, a letter in her hand, and looking as if in her hurry she might have knocked them over, had they not made way for her to enter.

"Bad luck to my memory, then! It's getting not worth a button. Here, Master Arthur. The postman gave it me at the door, just as I had caught sight of the fly turning the corner with the master and missis. I slipped it into my pocket, and never thought of it till this minute."

"So! it has come at last, has it?" cried Arthur, recognizing the handwriting of Roland Yorke.

"Is he really off?" inquired Tom.

"Yes, he is really off," replied Arthur, opening the letter and beginning to glance over the contents. "He has sailed in the ship Africa. Don't talk to me, Tom. What a long letter!"

They left him to read it in peace. Talking together—Mr. and Mrs. Channing, Mr. Huntley, William Yorke, Hamish, Constance—all were in a group round the fire, paying no attention to him. No attention, until an exclamation caused them to turn.

An exclamation half of distress, half of fear. Arthur had risen from his chair, and stood the picture of excitement, his face and lips blanching.

"What is the matter?" they exclaimed.

"Roland—the ship—Roland—" and there Arthur stopped, apparently unable to say more.

"Oh, it's drowned! it's drowned!" cried quick Annabel. "The ship's lost, and Roland with it!" And Arthur sunk back in his chair again, and covered his face with his hands.

CHAPTER LV.

NEWS FROM ROLAND.

You will like to look over Arthur's shoulder, as he reads the letter just received from Roland Yorke.

"DEAR OLD CHUM,—

"By the time you get this letter, I shall be ploughing the waves of the briny deep, in the ship Africa. You will get this letter on Wednesday night. That is, you ought to get it; for I have desired Carrick to post it accordingly, and I'm sure he'll do it if he does not forget. And old Galloway will get a letter at the same time, and Lady Augusta will get one. *I* shall have been off more than twenty-four hours previously, for we leave Gravesend on Tuesday at noon. Carrick has behaved like a trump. He has bought me all the things I asked him, and paid my passage money, and given me fifty pounds in my pocket to land with; so I am safe to get on. The only thing he stood out about was the frying pans. He couldn't see of what use they'd be, he said. So we made a compromise, and I am taking out only four-and-twenty instead of the forty dozens that I had thought of. I could not find Bugshaw's list, and the frying-pans are about all I am taking, in the shape of utensils, except a large tool-chest, which they palmed upon Carrick, for it was as dear as fire's hot.

"I dare say you have been vowing vengeance upon me, for not coming round to see you before I started; but I stopped away on purpose, for I might have let out something that I did not care to let out then; and that's what I am writing for.

"Old fellow, I have been fit to kill myself. All that bother that they laid upon you about the bank-note ought to have fallen upon me, for it was I who took it. There! the confession's made. And now explode at me for ten minutes with all your energy and wrath, before you read on. It will be a relief to your feelings and to mine. Perhaps if you'd go out of your way to swear a bit, it mightn't be amiss."

It was at this juncture that Arthur had started up so wildly, causing Annabel to premise that the "ship was drowned." In his shock of bewilderment, the first shadowy thought that overpowered him was a dreadful feeling of grief, for Roland's sake. He had liked Roland; with all his faults he had liked him much; and it was as if some cherished statue had fallen, and been dashed to pieces. Wild, joyful beatings of relief, that Hamish was innocent, were mingling with it, thumping against his heart, soon to exclude all else, and fill it to bursting. But as yet, this was indistinct; and the first clear idea that came to him was—Was Roland telling truth? or was he only playing a joke upon him? Arthur read on.

"I was awfully hard up for money. I was worse than Hamish, and he was pretty hard then: though he seems to have staved off the fellows since—he best knows how. I told him one day I should like to borrow the receipt, and he laughed and said he'd give it me with all the pleasure in life if it were transferable. Ask him if he remembers saying it. When Galloway was sending the money that day to the cousin Galloway, I thought what a shame it was, as I watched him slip the bank-note inside the letter. That cousin Galloway was always having money sent him, and I wished Galloway would give it me instead. Then came that row with Mad Nance; and, as you and Galloway turned to see what was up, I just pulled open the envelope, that instant wet and stuck down, twitched out the money, pressed the gum down again, and came and stood at your back at the window, leaning out. It did not take me half a minute to do; and the money was in my pocket, and the letter was empty! But now, look here! I never meant to steal the note. I am not a Newgate thief yet. I was in an uncommon fix just then, over a certain affair; and if I could not stop the fellow's mouth, there'd have been the dickens to pay. So I took the money for *that* stop-gap, never intending to do otherwise than replace it in Galloway's desk as soon as I could get it. I knew I should be having some from Lord Carrick. It was all Lady Augusta's fault. She had turned crusty, and would not help me. I stopped out all that afternoon with Knivett, if you remember, and that put me out of the suspicion when the stir came, though it was not for that reason I stayed, for I never had a thought that the row would fall upon us in the office; I supposed the loss would be set down to the post-office—as of course it ought to have been. I stayed out, the bank-note burning a hole all the while in my waistcoat pocket, and sundry qualms coming over me whether I should not put it back again. I began to wonder how I could get rid of it safely, not knowing but Galloway might have the number, and I think I should have put it back, what with that doubt and my twitches of conscience, but for a thing that happened.—After I parted with Knivett, I ran home to get something I wanted, and Lady Augusta called me into her bed-room. 'Roland,' said she, 'I want you to get me a twenty-pound note from the bank; I have occasion to send one to Ireland.' Now, Arthur, I ask you, was there ever such an impetus given to a fellow in his wrong doing? Of course, my note, that is, Galloway's note, went to Ireland, and a good joyful riddance it seemed, as thoroughly *gone* as if I had dispatched it to the North Pole. Lady Augusta handed me twenty sovereigns, and I made believe to go to the bank and exchange them for a note. She put it into her letter, and I took it to the post-office at once. No wonder you grumbled at my being away so long!

"Next came the row. And when I found that suspicion fell upon *you*, I was nearly mad. If I had not parted with the money, I should have gone straight to Galloway, and said, 'Here it is—I took it.' Not a soul stood up for you as they ought! Even Mr. Channing fell into the suspicion, and Hamish seemed indifferent and cool as a cucumber. I have never liked Galloway since; and I long, to this day, to give Butterby a ducking. How I kept my tongue from blurting out the truth, I don't know; but a gentleman born does not like to own himself a thief. It was the publicity given to it that kept me silent; and I hope old Galloway and Butterby

BOARDMAN'S HORSE BATTERY.

We give above another instance of Northern ingenuity, which is alike available in peace or war. The peculiar advantages of Mr. Boardman's invention are apparent at a glance, and an inspection of our illustration is all the description it needs. There are nine barrels; they are discharged all at once, by a strap which can be held in the hand or attached to the stirrup, the foot's pressure acting upon it. A little practice would render this a most effective weapon, and we look with considerable curiosity to its first appearance on the battle-field. Its private performances have been very satisfactory.—*Frank Leslie's Paper.*

will have horrid dreams for a week to come, now they know the truth! I was boiling over always. I don't know how I managed to live through it, and that soft calf of a Jenkins was always defending Galloway when I flew out about him. Nobody could do more than I did to throw the blame upon the post-office—and it was the most likely thing in the world for the post-office to do!—but the more I talked, the more old Galloway brought up his rubbish about his 'seals.' I hope he'll have horrid dreams for a month to come!—I'd have prosecuted the post-office, if I had had the cash to do it with, and that might have turned him.

"Well, old chap, it went on and on—you lying under the cloud, and I mad with everybody. I could do nothing to clear you (unless I had confessed), except sending back the money to Galloway's, with a letter to say you did not do it. It was upon my mind night and day. I was always planning how to accomplish it; but for some time I could not get the money. When Carrick came to Helstonleigh he was short himself, and I had to wait. I told him I was in an awful mess for the want of twenty pounds. And that was true in more senses than one, for I did not know where to turn for money for my own uses. At last Carrick gave it me—he had given me a dab or two before, of five pounds or so, of no use—and then I had to wait an opportunity of getting it to London to be posted. Carrick's departure afforded that. I wrote the note to Galloway with my *left* hand, in printing letters, put the money inside it, and Carrick promised to post it in London. I told him it was a *Valentine* to old Galloway, flattering him on his youthful curls, and Carrick laughed till he was hoarse at the notion. Bother take his memory! he had been pretty near a week in London before he thought of the letter, and then he put his hand into his pocket and found it. I had given it up by that time, and thought nobody in the world ever had such luck as I got. At last it came; and all I can say is, I wish the post-office had taken that, before it ever did come. Of all the crying shames, that was the worst! The old carp got the money, and *yet* would not clear you! I shall never forgive Galloway for that! and when I come back from Port Natal, rolling in wealth, I'll not look at him when I pass him in the street, which will vex him uncommonly, and I don't care if you tell him so. Had I wavered about Port Natal before, that would have decided me. Clear you I would, and I saw there was no way to do it but by telling the truth, which I did not care to do while I was in Helstonleigh. And now I am off, and you know the truth, and Galloway knows it, for he'll have his letter when you have yours (and I hope it will be a pill for him), and all Helstonleigh will know it, and you are cleared, dear old Arthur!

"The first person that I shall lavish a little of my wealth upon when I return will be poor Jenkins, if he should be still in the land of the living. We all know that he has got as much in him as a gander, and lets that adorable Mrs. J. (I wish you could have seen her turban the morning I took leave!) be mistress and master, but he has done me many a good turn; and, what's more, *he stood up for you.* When Galloway, Butterby, & Co., were on at it, discussing proofs against you, Jenkins's humble voice would be heard, 'I am sure, gentlemen, Mr. Arthur never did it!' Many a time I have hugged him, and he shall get some of my good luck when I reach home. You shall get it, too, Arthur! I shall never make a friend to care half as much for as I care for you, and I wish you would have been persuaded to come out with me and make your fortune; but as you would not, you shall share mine. Mind, I should have cleared you just the same, if you had come.

'And that's all I have to tell. And now you see why I did not care to say 'Good-bye,' for I don't think I should have said it without telling all. Remember me to the folks at your house, and I hope Mr. Channing will come home stunning. I shall look to you for all the news, mind! If a great wind blows the Cathedral down, or a fire burns the town up, it's you that must write it; nobody else will. Direct to me—Post-Office, Port Natal, until I send you an address, which I shall do the first thing. Have you any news of Charley?

"I had almost forgotten that bright kinsman of mine, the chaplain of Hazledon. Pray present my affectionate compliments to him, and say he has not the least idea how very much I revere him. I should like to see his face when he finds it was I who was the delinquent. Constance can turn the tables on him now. But if she ever forgives him, she deserves to be as hen-pecked as Jenkins is; and tell her I say so.

"I meant to have told you about a spree I have had since I came to London, but there's no room, so I'll conclude sentimentally, as a lady does,

"Yours, for ever and ever,

"ROLAND YORKE."

You must not think that Arthur Channing read this letter deliberately, as you have been able to read it. He had but skimmed it—skimmed it with straining eye and burning brow; taking in its general sense, its various points; but of its words, none. In his overpowering emotion—his perplexed confusion—he started up with wild words:

"Oh, father, he is innocent! Constance, he is innocent! Hamish, Hamish! forgive—forgive me! I have been wicked enough to believe you guilty all this while!"

To say that they stared at him—to say that they did not understand him—would be poor words to express the surprise that fell upon them, and seemed to strike them dumb. Arthur kept on reiterating the words, as if he could not sufficiently relieve his overburthened heart.

"Hamish never did it! Constance, we might have known it! Constance, what could have so blinded our reason? He has been innocent all this while!"

Mr. Huntley was the first to find his tongue.

"Innocent of what?" asked he. "What news have you received there?" pointing to the letter.

"It is from Roland Yorke. He says—" Arthur hesitated, and lowered his voice—"That bank-note lost by Mr. Galloway—"

"Well?" they uttered, pressing round him.

"It was Roland that took it!"

Then arose a Babel of voices: questions to Arthur, references to the letter, and explanations. Mr. Channing, amidst his deep thankfulness, gathered Arthur to him with a loud gesture.

"My boy, there has been continual conflict waging in my heart," he said; "appearances *versus* my better judgment. But for your own doubtful manner, I should have spurned the thought that you were guilty.—Why did you not speak out boldly?"

"Father, how could I? Believing that it was Hamish—Hamish, dear Hamish, say you forgive me?"

Hamish was the only one who had retained calmness. Remarkably cool he was. He gazed upon them with the most imperturbable self possession—rather inclined to be amused than otherwise. "Suspect me!" cried he, raising his eyebrows.

"We did, indeed!"

"*Bien obligé*," responded Mr. Hamish. "Perhaps *you* shared the honor of the doubt?" he mockingly added, turning to Mr. Huntley.

"I did," replied that gentleman. "Ellen did not," he added, losing his seriousness in a half laugh. "Miss Ellen and I have been at daggers drawn upon the point."

Hamish actually blushed like a school-girl.

"Ellen knows me better," was all he said, speaking very quietly. "I should have thought some of the rest of you had known me better, also."

"Hamish," said Mr. Huntley, "I think we were all in for a host of blunders."

Mr. Coanning had listened in surprise, Mrs. Channing in indignation. Her brave, good Hamish! her best and dearest!

"I cannot see how it was possible to suspect Hamish," observed Mr. Channing.

But, before any more could be said, they were interrupted by Mr. Galloway, an open letter in his hand.

"Here's a pretty dinner for a man!" he exclaimed. "I go home, expecting to get a meal in peace, and I find this pill upon my plate!"

They understood it naturally, what the "pill" was. Especially Arthur, who had been told by Roland himself that he was writing to Mr. Galloway.

"You see, sir," said Arthur, with a bright smile, "that I was innocent."

"I do see it," replied Mr. Galloway, laying his hand on Arthur's shoulder. "Why could you not speak openly to my face and tell me so?"

"Because—I am ashamed, sir, now to confess why. We were all at cross purposes together, it seems."

"He suspected that it was all in the family, Mr. Galloway," cried Hamish, in his gay good-humor. "It appears that he laid the charge of that little affair to *me*."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Galloway.

"We both did," exclaimed Constance, coming forward with streaming eyes. "Do you think that the mere fact of the suspicion being cast upon him, all public though it was made, could have rendered us so cowardly miserable as it did? Hamish, how shall we atone to you?"

"The question is, how shall I atone to you, my old friend, for the wrong done your son?" exclaimed Mr. Galloway, seizing Mr. Channing's hand. "Arthur, you and I shall have accounts to make up together."

"If reparation for unjust suspicion is to be the order of the day, I think I ought to get some of it," said laughing Hamish, with a glance at Mr. Huntley.

A sudden thought seemed to strike Mr. Channing.

"Huntley," he impulsively cried, "was this the cause of displeasure that you hinted had been given you by Hamish?"

"That, and nothing else," was Mr. Huntley's answer. "I suppose I must take him into favor again. 'Make reparation,' as he says."

A very saucy smile crossed the lips of Hamish. It is as good as said, "I know who will, if you don't." But Mr. Galloway was interrupting.

"The most extraordinary thing of the whole is," he observed, with unwonted emphasis, "that we never suspected Roland Yorke; knowing him as we did know him. It will be a caution to me as long as I live, never to go again by appearances. Careless, thoughtless, impulsive, conscienceless Roland Yorke! Of course! Who else would have been likely to help themselves to it? I wonder what scales were before our eyes!"

Mr. Channing turned to his son Tom, who had been seated astride on the arm of a sofa, in a glow of astonishment, now succeeded by satisfaction.

"Tom, my boy; there'll be no particular hurry to leave the college school, will there?"

Tom slid off his perch and went straight up to Arthur.

"Arthur, I beg your pardon heartily for the harsh words and thoughts I may have given you. I was just a fool, or I should have known you could not be guilty. Were you screening Roland Yorke?"

"No," said Arthur, "I never suspected him for a moment. As to anybody's begging *my* pardon, I have most cause to do that, for suspecting Hamish. You'll be all right, Tom, now."

But now, in the midst of this demonstration from all sides, I'll leave you to judge what where the feelings of that reverend divine, William Yorke. You may remember that he was present. He had gone to Mr. Channing's house ostensibly to welcome Mr. Channing home and congratulate him on his restoration. Glad, in truth, was he to possess the opportunity to do that; but Mr. Yorke's visit also included a purpose less disinterested. Repulsed by Constance in the two or three appeals he had made to her, he had impatiently awaited the return of Mr. Channing, to solicit his influence. Remembering the past, listening to this explanation of the present, you may imagine, if you can, what his sensations must have been. He, who had held up his head, in his haughty Yorke spirit, ready to trample on Arthur for the suspicion of guilt cast upon him, ready to believe that he *was* guilty, resenting it upon Constance, had now to stand and learn that the guilt lay in his family, not in theirs. No wonder he stood silent, grave, his lips drawn in to sternness, his tongue still.

Mr. Galloway soon departed again. He had left his dinner getting cold upon his table. Mr. Huntley took the occasion to leave with him: and, in the earnestness of discussion, they, all went out with them to the hall, save Constance. This was Mr. Yorke's opportunity. His arms folded, his pale cheek flushed to pain, he moved before her, and stood there, drawn to his full height, speaking hoarsely.

"Constance, will it be possible for you to forgive me?"

What a fine field it presented for her to play the heroine! to go into fierce declamations that she never could, and never would forgive him, but would hold herself aloof from him for ever and a day, condemning him to bachelorhood! Unfortunately for the embellishment of these pages, Constance Channing had nothing of the heroine in her composition. She was only one of those simple, truthful, natural English girls, whom I hope you often meet in your every-day life. She smiled at William Yorke, through her glistening eye-lashes, and drew closer to him, almost touched him. Did he take the hint? He took *her;* took her on to that manly breast that would henceforth be her shelter for ever.

"Heaven knows how I will strive to atone to you, my darling!"

It was a happy evening, chequered though it necessarily was with thoughts of Charles. And Mr. Channing, in the midst of his deep grief and perplexity, thanked God for His wonderful mercy in restoring the aspersed to freedom.

"My boy!" he exclaimed to Arthur, "how bravely you have borne!"

"Not always very bravely," said Arthur, shaking his head. "There were times when I was inwardly rebellious."

"It could not have been done without one thing," resumed Mr. Channing; "firm trust in God."

Arthur's cheek kindled.

"That has ever been present with me," he whispered. "When things would wear their darkest aspect I used to say to myself, 'Patience and hope; and trust in God!' But I never anticipated this bright ending. I never thought that I and Hamish should both be cleared."

"I cannot conceive how you could have suspected Hamish!" Mr. Channing repeated, after a pause.

Of all the wonders, that fact seemed to have taken most hold of his mind.

Arthur made a slight answer, but he did not pursue the topic. There were circumstances connected with it, regarding Hamish, not yet explained. He could not speak of them to Mr. Channing.

Neither were they to be explained, as it seemed, to Arthur. At any rate, not yet awhile. When they retired to rest, Hamish came into his room; like he had done that former night, months ago, when the suspicion had just fastened upon Arthur. They went up stairs together, and Hamish, instead of turning to his own room, followed Arthur to his. He set down the candle on the table, and turned to Arthur with his frank smile.

"How is it that we can have been playing at these cross purposes, Arthur? Why did you not tell me at the time that you were innocent?"

"I think I did tell you so, Hamish, if my memory serves me right."

"Well, I am not sure; it may have been so; but in a very undemonstrative sort of manner, if you did at all. That sort of manner from you, Arthur, would only create perplexity."

Arthur smiled.

"Don't you see? believing that you had taken it, I thought that you must know whether I was innocent or guilty. And, for your sake, I did not dare strenuously to defend myself to others. Had but a breath of suspicion fallen upon you, Hamish, it might have cost my father his place."

"What induced you to suspect me? Surely not the simple fact of being alone for a few minutes with the letter in Galloway's office?"

"Not that. That alone would have been nothing; but, coupled with other circumstances, it assumed a weight. Hamish, I will tell you. Do you remember the trouble you were in at the time? owing money in the town?"

A smile parted Hamish's lips; he looked half inclined to make fun of the reminiscence.

"I remember it well enough. What of that?"

"You contrived to pay those debts, or partially to pay them, at the precise time the note was taken; and we knew you had no money of your own to do it. We saw you also with gold in your purse—through Annabel's tricks, do you remember?—and we knew that it could not be yours—legitimately yours, I mean."

Hamish's smile turned into a laugh.

"Stop a bit, Arthur. The money with which I paid up, and the gold you saw, was mine—legitimately mine. Don't speak so fast, old fellow."

"But where did it come from, Hamish?"

"It did not come from Galloway's office, and it did not drop from the skies," laughed Hamish. "Never mind where else it came from. Arthur, boy, I wish you had been candid, and had given me a hint of the suspicion."

"We were at cross purposes, as you observe," repeated Arthur. "Once plunge into such, and there's no knowing when the enlightenment will come; perhaps never.—But you were not very open with me."

"I was puzzled," replied Hamish. "You may remember that seeing a crowd round the Guildhall was the first intimation I received of the matter. When they told me, in answer to my questions, that my brother, Arthur Channing, was taken up on suspicion of stealing the bank-note, and was then under examination, I should have laughed in their faces, but for my inclination to knock them down. I went into that hall, Arthur, trusting in your innocence as implicitly as I trusted in my own, boiling over with indignation against all who had dared to accuse you, ready to stand up for you against the world. I turned my eyes upon you as you stood there, and your gaze met mine. Arthur, what made you look so? I never saw guilt—or perhaps I would rather say shame, conscious shame—shine out more palpably from any countenance than it did from yours then. It startled me—it *cowed* me; and, in that moment I did believe you guilty. Why did you look so?"

"I looked so for your sake, Hamish. Your countenance betrayed your dismay, and I took it for signs of your own guilt and shame. Not until then did I fully believe you guilty. We were at cross purposes, you see, throughout the piece."

"Cross purposes, indeed!" repeated Hamish.

"Have you believed me guilty up to now?"

"No," replied Hamish. "After a few days my infatuation wore off. It was an infatuation, and nothing less, ever to have believed a Channing guilty. I then took up another notion, and that I have continued to entertain."

"What was it?"

"That you were screening Roland Yorke."

Arthur lifted up his eyes to Hamish.

"I did. Roland's excessive championship of you, his impetuous agitation when others brought it up against you, first aroused my suspicions that he himself must have been guilty; and I came to the conclusion that you also had penetrated his guilt, and were generously screening him in a tacit manner. I believed that you would not let a stir be made in it to clear you, lest it should bring it home to him. Cross purposes again, you will say."

"Ah, yes. Not so much as the idea of suspecting Roland Yorke ever came across me. All my fear was, lest he, or any, should suspect you."

Hamish laughed as he placed his hands upon Arthur's shoulders.

"The best plan for the future will be to have no secrets one from the other; otherwise, it seems hard to say what labyrinth we may not get into. What do you say, old fellow?"

"You began the secrets first, Hamish."

"Did I? Well, let us thank Heaven that the worst are over."

Ay, thank Heaven. Most sincerely was Arthur Channing doing that. How many, many times had he checked his heaviness with the words of Holy Writ:—"Why art thou cast down, oh, my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."—Psalm xlii. 11.

The time to give thanks had come.

Meanwhile Mr. Huntley had proceeded home. He found Miss Huntley in the stiffest and most uncompromising of moods; and no wonder, for Mr. Huntley had kept the dinner waiting, I am afraid to say how long. Harry, who was to have dined with them that day, had eaten his and flown off to the town again, to keep some appointment with the college boys. Miss Huntley now ate hers in dignified displeasure; but Mr. Huntley, opposite to her, appeared to be in one of his very happiest moods. Ellen attributed it to the fact of Mr. Channing's having returned home well. She asked a hundred questions about them—of their journey, their arrival—and Mr. Huntley never seemed tired of answering.

Barely was the cloth removed, when Miss Huntley rose. Mr Huntley crossed the room to open the door for her, and bow her out.—Although he was her brother, she never would have forgiven him had he omitted that little mark of ceremony. Ellen was dutifully following. She could not always brave her aunt. Mr. Huntley, however, gave Ellen a twitch as she was passing him, drew her back, and closed the door upon his sister.

"Ellen, I have been obliged to take Mr. Hamish into favor again."

Ellen's cheeks turned into a glow. She tried to find an answer, but none came, and it ended in a stammer.

"I find Hamish had nothing to do with the loss of the bank-note."

Then she found her tongue.

"Oh, papa, no! How could you ever have imagined such a thing? You might have known the Channings better. They are above suspicion."

"I did know them better at one time, or else you may be sure, young lady, Mr. Hamish would not have been allowed to come here as he did. However, it is cleared up; and I suppose you would like to tell me that I was just a donkey for my pains."

Ellen shook her head and laughed. She would have liked to ask whether Mr. Hamish was to be allowed to come again on the old familiar footing, had she known how to frame the question. But it was quite beyond her courage.

"When I told him this evening that I had suspected him—"

She clasped her hands, she turned to Mr. Huntley, her rich color going and coming—

"Papa, you *told* him?"

"Ay. And I was not the only one to suspect him, or to tell him. I can assure you that, Miss Ellen."

"What did he say? How did he receive it?"

"Told us he was much obliged to us all. I don't think Hamish *could* be put out of humor."

"Then do you not dislike him now, papa?" she said, timidly.

"I never have disliked him. When I believed what I did of him, I could not dislike him, try as I would. There, you may go to your aunt now."

And Ellen went, feeling that the earth and air around her had suddenly grown into a terrestrial Eden.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE BROKEN PHIAL.

That broken phial, which you have heard of, was burning a hole in Bywater's pocket, like Roland Yorke said the bank-note did in his. He had been indecisive about complaining to the master; strangely so for Bywater. The fact was, he had a strong suspicion from the very first that the boy who did the damage to the surplice was Pierce senior. At least, his suspicions had been divided between that gentleman and Gerald Yorke. The cause of suspicion against Pierce need not be entered into, since it was misplaced; in point of fact, Mr. Pierce was, so far as that feat went, both innocent and unconscious. But Bywater could not make sure that he was, and he did not care to bring the accusation against Gerald publicly, should he be innocent.

You saw Bywater, a chapter or two back, fitting the broken pieces together in his bedroom. On the following morning—which was likewise the morning following the arrival of the important letter from Roland Yorke—Bywater detained Gerald Yorke when the boys tore down the school-room steps after early school.

"I say, Yorke, I said I'd give you a last chance, and now I am doing it," he began. "If you'll acknowledge the truth to me about that surplice affair, I'll let it drop. I will, upon my honor. I'll never say another word."

Gerald flew into a rage.

"Now look you here, Mr. Bywater," was his angry retort. "You bother me again with that stale fish, and I'll put you up for punishment. It's—"

Gerald stopped. Tom Channing was passing close to them, and Mr. Gerald had never cared to be heard when talking about the surplice. At that moment a group of boys, who were running out of the cloisters, the opposite road to Tom Channing, turned round and hissed him, Tod Yorke adding some complimentary remark about "stolen notes." As usual, it was a shaft launched at Arthur. Not as usual did Tom receive it. There was nothing of defiant fierceness now in his demeanor; nothing of half subdued rage. Tom halted; took off his trencher with a smile of suavity that might have adored Hamish, and thanked them with as much courtesy as if it had been real, especially Tod. Gerald Yorke and Bywater looked on with surprise. They little dreamt of the great and good secret that Tom now carried with him. He could afford to be calm.

"Why, it's four months, good, since that surplice was damaged," resumed Gerald, in a tone of irritation, to Bywater, as soon as they were alone. "One would think it was of rare value, by your keeping up the ball in this way. Every now and then you break out afresh about that surplice. Was it made of gold?"

"It was made of Irish linen," returned Bywater, who generally contrived to retain his coolness, whoever might get heated. "I tell you that I have got a fresh clue, Yorke; one I have been waiting for. I thought it would turn up some time. If you say you did it by accident or how you like, I'll let it drop. If you don't, I'll bring it before Pye after breakfast."

"Bring it!" retorted Gerald.

"Mind you, I mean what I say. I shall bring the charge against you, and I have got the proofs."

"Bring it, I say," fiercely repeated Gerald. "Who cares for your bringings? Mind your bones afterwards, that's all."

He pushed Bywater from him with a haughty gesture, and raced home to breakfast, hoping there'd be something good to abate his hunger.

But Bywater was not to be pushed from his determination. Never a boy in the school less likely than he. He went home to *his* breakfast, and returned to school to have his name inscribed on the roll, and then went into college with the other nine choristers, and took his part in the service. And the bottle, I say, was burning a hole in his pocket. The Reverend William Yorke was chanting, and Arthur Channing sat at the organ. Would the Very Reverend the Dean of Helstonleigh, standing in his stall so serenely placid, his cap resting on the cushion beside him, ever again intimate a doubt that Arthur was not worthy to take part in the service? But the dean did not know the news yet.

Back in the school-room, Bywater lost no time. He presented himself before the master, and entered upon his complaint, school-boy fashion.

"Please, sir, I think I have found out who inked my surplice."

The master had allowed the occurrence to slip partially from his memory. At any rate, it was some time since he had called it up.

"Oh, indeed!" said he, somewhat cynically to Bywater, after a pause given to revolving the circumstances. "Think you have found out the boy, do you?"

"Yes, sir; I am pretty sure of it. I think it was Gerald Yorke."

"Gerald Yorke! One of the seniors!" repeated the master, casting a penetrating gaze upon Bywater.

The fact was, Mr. Pye, at the time of the occurrence, had been somewhat inclined to a secret belief that the real culprit was Bywater himself. Knowing that gentleman's propensities to mischief, knowing that the destruction of a few surplices, more or less would be only fun to him, he had felt an unpleasant doubt upon the point.

"Did you do it yourself?" he now plainly asked of Bywater.

Bywater for once was genuinely surprised.

"I had no more to do with it, sir, than this desk had," touching the master's. "I should not have spent many an hour since, trying to ferret it out, if I had done it."

"Well, what have you found out?"

"On the day it happened, sir, when we were discussing it in the cloisters, little Channing suddenly started up with a word that caused me to think he had seen something connected with it, in which Gerald Yorke was mixed up. But the boy recollected himself before he had said much, and I could get no more from him. Once afterwards I heard him tell Yorke that he had kept counsel about the inked surplice."

"Is that all?" asked the master, while the whole school sat with tingling ears, for Bywater was not making his complaint in private.

"Not quite, sir. Please to look at this."

Bywater had whipped the broken phial out of his pocket, and was handing the smaller piece towards the master. Mr. Pye looked at it curiously.

"As I was turning over my surplice, sir, in the vestry, when I found it that day, I saw this bit of glass lying in the wet ink. I thought it belonged to a small ornamental phial, which Gerald Yorke used to keep, about that time, in his pocket, full of ink. But I couldn't be sure. So I put the bit of glass in my pocket, thinking the phial would turn up some day, if it did belong to it. And so it has. You can put the piece into it, sir, and see whether it fits."

Gerald Yorke left his place, and joined Bywater before the head master. He looked white and haughty.

"Is it to be borne, sir, that he should tell these lies of me?"

"Are they lies?" returned Mr. Pye, who was fitting the piece into the bottle.

"I have told no lies yet," said Bywater.—"And I have not said for certain you did it. I say I think so."

"You never found that bottle upon the surplice! I don't believe it," foamed Gerald.

"I found the little piece of glass. I put it in my trousers' pocket, wet with ink as it was, and here are the stains of ink still," added Bywater, turning out that receptacle for the benefit of Mr. Pye. "It was this same pair of trousers I had on that day."

"Bywater," said the master, "why did you not say at the time you found the piece of glass?"

"Because, sir, the bit, by itself, would have told nothing. I thought I'd wait till the bottle itself turned up. Old Jenkins, the bedesman, found it a few days ago in the college burial-ground, pretty near to the college gates—just in the spot where it most likely would be, sir, if one came out of the college in a fright and dashed it over."

"Does this belong to you, Yorke?" inquired the master, scrutinizing that gentleman's countenance, as he had previously scrutinized Bywater's.

Gerald Yorke took the phial in his hand and examined it. He knew perfectly well that it was his, but he was asking himself whether the school, apart from Bywater, could contradict him, if he said it was not. He feared they might.

"I had a phial very much like this, sir," turning it over and over in his hand, apparently for the purpose of a critical inspection. "I am not sure that this is the same; I don't think it is. I lost mine, sir; somebody stole it out of my pocket, I think."

"When did you lose it?" demanded Mr. Pye.

"About the time that the surplice got inked, sir; a day or two before it."

"Who is telling lies now?" cried bold Bywater. "He had the bottle that very day, sir, at his desk, here, in this school-room.—The upper boys know he had it, and that he was using it. Channing,"—turning round and catching Tom's eye, the first he did catch—"you can bear witness that he was using it that morning."

"Don't call upon me," replied Tom, stolidly. "I decline to interfere with Mr. Yorke, for or against."

"It is his bottle, and he had it that morning, and I say that I think he must have broken it over the surplice," persisted Bywater, with as much noise as he dared display in the presence of the master. "Otherwise, how should a piece out of the bottle be lying on the surplice?"

The master came to the conclusion that the facts were tolerably conclusive. He touched Yorke—

"Speak the truth, boy," he said, with a tone that seemed to imply he rather doubted Gerald's strict adherence to truth at all times and seasons.

Gerald turned crusty.

"I don't know anything about it, sir. Won't I pummel you for this!" he concluded, in an under tone, to Bywater.

"Besides that, sir," went on Bywater, pushing Gerald aside with his elbow, as if he were nobody, "Charles Channing, I say, saw something that led him to suspect Gerald Yorke. I am certain he did. I think it likely that he saw him fling the bottle away, after doing the mischief. Yorke knows that I have given him more than one chance to get out of this. If he had only told me in confidence that it was he who did it, whether by accident or mischief, I'd have let it drop."

"Yorke," said the master, leaning his face forward and speaking in an under tone, "do you remember what I promised the boy who did this mischief? Not for the feat itself, but for braving me, when I ordered him to speak out, and he would not."

Yorke grew angry and desperate.

"Let it be proved against me, sir, if you please, before you punish. I don't think even Bywater, rancorous as he is, can prove me guilty."

At this moment, who should walk forward

but Mr. Bill Simms, much to the astonishment of the head master, and of the school in general. Since Mr. Simms's confession to the master, touching the trick played on Charles Channing, he had not led the most agreeable of lives. Some of the boys treated him with silent contempt, some worried his life out of him, and all hated him. He could now enjoy a little bit of retaliation on one of them, at any rate.

"Please, sir, the day the surplice was inked, I saw Gerald Yorke come out of the college just before afternoon service, and chuck a broken ink-bottle over into the burial-ground."

"You saw it!" exclaimed the master, while Gerald turned his livid face, his flashing eye on the young tell-tale.

"Yes, sir. I was in the cloisters, inside one of the niches, and saw it. Charley Channing was in the cloisters, too, but he didn't see me, and I don't think Mr. Yorke saw either of us."

"Why did you not tell this at the time?"

Mr. Bill Simms stood on his heels and stood on his toes, and pulled his lanky straw hair, and rubbed his face, ere he spoke.

"I was afraid, sir. I knew Mr. Yorke would beat me."

"Cur!" ejaculated Gerald, below his breath. The head master turned his eyes upon him.

"Yorke, I—"

A commotion at the door, and Mr. Pye stopped. There burst in a lady with a wide extent of crinoline, but that was not the worst of the bustle. Her cheeks were flushed, her hands lifted, her eyes wild; altogether she was in a state of the utmost excitement. Gerald stared with all his might, and the head master rose to receive her as she sailed down upon him. It was Lady Augusta Yorke.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"EXPANSION" APPROVED.

A few years ago the leading London Journals had a great deal to say about the filibustering propensities of the people of the United States. They were aggressors upon the people's territory, lawless robbers, and all that sort of thing. But we perceive that of late they have become converts to the doctrine of "expansion," and think it a very laudable thing to step in and assume the government of any country which cannot govern itself. Speaking of the additional troops which France has resolved to send to Mexico, the London Times says:—

"It is not the wish of this country that our great and powerful neighbor should be restricted to the narrow bounds even of the fairest country of the European continent. A great and energetic nation naturally seeks expansion, and we have no objection that it should find it on the magnificent plateau which unites two oceans and two continents."

So, then, a nation has only to prove itself to be "great and energetic" to give it the right to appropriate the territory of its weaker and less adventurous neighbors, and to alter its whole national policy. These sentiments in the filibuster Walker the Times used to call "infamous," and that judgment we are not disposed to reverse in that or the present instance. The same principle would justify England and France in interfering with our domestic quarrels and imposing a government of their own from a benevolent desire to preserve us from our own misrule.

ENGLISH SHOES IN NEW YORK.—Our readers are aware that large quantities of English army shoes have been intercepted while on their way to supply the rebel troops. We took occasion last week to examine some of those now in the possession of the Government. They were taken from the Stephen Hart, captured some time since, and consists of between 3,000 and 4,000 pairs, 700 or 800 of which are russets. They were appraised to the Government mostly at $1,75 per pair; the russets at $1. But it might perhaps be said with truth that they were cheaper on the average at $5 than our own army shoes at $3. Their superiority is apparent at a glance. The soles are made of the best English bend, and the uppers of superior unsplit leather, such as we should call "green shaved." The shoes are full of work throughout. The soles are channel-stitched and strengthened with two rows of nails which are so placed as to afford extra protection to the seams. The heels are provided with iron plates. They are of the Blucher cut, higher than the American army shoe, and have the old fashioned long and narrow toes. The quarters are shorter than ours, and the two holes for the lacing considerably above the instep. They look and feel as though they might last for half a dozen campaigns. Perhaps this may account for the fact that the rebels generally continue to be pretty well shod, in despite of the present stringency of the blockade and the stories of newspaper correspondents to the contrary; for those who have these shoes will not require new ones in a hurry.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

THE LAST RESORT OF THE REBELS—THEIR PROGRAMME FOR THE FUTURE.—The Memphis Avalanche of June 30, has an editorial based upon information received through well informed sources in the South, stating that a new programme has been determined upon by the rebel leaders, who are moving themselves for a tremendous effort. They consider that the territory recently given up has weakened the North, and correspondingly strengthened the South.

They expect to hold Richmond and Virginia, but even if they are forced to yield them, they have no idea of giving up, but will fight to the last, and when they can fight no longer, instead of surrendering—instead of having their property confiscated and themselves disfranchised, they will make a direct proposition to France and England to become a colony or appendage. If this alternative is forced upon them, they will aim to broach the subject to Napoleon rather than England.

The Avalanche gives the above as the almost certain policy of the Confederate leaders; and as Dr. Faulkner is known to be one of the best informed persons in the South, considerable credit may be attached to this plan.

SOUTHERN LADIES TURNING SHOEMAKERS.—The Planters' Louisiana Banner says:—

"Quite a number of ladies of this parish have commenced making their own and their children's shoes, and they do very good work. We have seen several pairs of these homemade shoes, and they are not only strong, but they are very well proportioned. The cheapest way that they make them is to take the soles of old shoes, soak them in water until they are limber, pick out the old stitches, fit them to the last after the cloth is fitted to the same, sew the soles to the cloth with strong waxed thread, and then turn the shoe, nail the heel to its place, and the shoe is done. It is cheap, serviceable, and a very good cloth shoe."

THE NEGRO REGIMENT OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Explanation of General Hunter.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—The following correspondence was laid before the House to day, the reading of some parts of which occasioned much merriment:—

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON CITY, July 2.—Sir:—On reference to the answer of this Department of the 14th ultimo, to the resolution of the House of Representatives of the 9th of last month, calling for information respecting the organization, by Gen. Hunter, of the Department of South Carolina, of a regiment of volunteers for the defence of the Union, composed of black men, fugitive slaves, &c., it will be seen that the resolution has been referred to that officer, with instructions to make an immediate report thereon. I have now the honor to transmit herewith the copy of a communication just received from Gen. Hunter, furnishing information as to his action touching the various matters indicated in the resolution.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

Hon. G. A. Grow, Speaker of the House of Representatives.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH, PORT ROYAL, S. C., June 23.—Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War.—Sir—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of a communication from the Adjutant General of the Army, dated June 13th, 1862, requesting me to furnish you with the information necessary to answer certain resolutions introduced in the House of Representatives of June 9, 1862, on motion of Hon. Mr Wickliffe, of Ky., their substance being to inquire

First. Whether I had organized, or was organizing, a regiment of fugitive slaves in this Department.

Second. Whether any authority had been given to me from the War Department for such organization; and

Third. Whether I had been furnished, by order of the War Department, with clothing, uniforms, arms, equipments, &c., for such a force.

Only having received the letter containing these inquiries at a late hour on Saturday night, I urge forward my answer in time for the steamer sailing to-day (Monday). This haste prevents me from entering as minutely as I could wish upon many points of detail, such as the paramount importance of the subject calls for; but in view of the near termination of the present session of Congress and the wide spread interest which must have been awakened by Mr. Wickliffe's resolution, I prefer sending even this imperfect answer to waiting the period necessary for the collection of fuller and more comprehensive data.

To the first question, therefore, I reply that no regiment of fugitive slaves has been, or is being, organized in this Department. There is, however, a fine regiment of persons whose late masters are "fugitive rebels," men who everywhere fly before the appearance of the national flag, leaving their servants behind them to shift as best they can for themselves. So far, indeed, are the loyal persons composing this regiment from seeking to avoid the presence of their late owners, that they are now one and all working with remarkable industry to place themselves in a position to join in full and effective pursuit of their fugacious and traitorous proprietors.

To the second question I have the honor to answer that the instructions given to Brigadier General T. W. Sherman by the Hon. Simon Cameron, late Secretary of War, and turned over to me by succession for my guidance, do distinctly authorize me to employ all loyal persons offering their services in defence of the Union and for the suppression of this rebellion, in any manner I might see fit, or that the circumstances might call for.—There is no restriction as to the character or color of the persons to be employed, or the nature of the employment, whether civil or military, in which their services shall be used. I conclude, therefore, that I have been authorized to enlist fugitive slaves as soldiers, could any such be found in this Department. No such characters, however, have yet appeared within the view of our most advanced pickets, the loyal slaves everywhere remaining on their plantations to welcome us, aid us, and supply us with food, labor and information. It is the masters who have in every instance been the fugitives, running from the loyal slaves as well as from the loyal soldiers, and whom we have only partially been able to see, chiefly their heads over ramparts, or rifle in hand dodging behind trees in the extreme distance. In the absence of any fugitive (master) law, the deserted slaves would be wholly without remedy, had not the crime of treason given them the right to pursue, capture and bring back those persons of whose protection they have been thus suddenly bereft.

To the third interrogatory it is my painful duty to reply that I have never received any specific authority for issues of clothing, uniforms, arms, equipments, &c., to the people in question, my general instructions from Mr. Cameron to employ them in any manner I might find necessary, and the military exigencies of the Department being my only, but, in my judgment, sufficient justification. Neither have I had any specific authority for supplying those persons with shovels, spades, and pick-axes, when employing them as laborers; with boats and oars when using them as lightermen; but these are not points included in Mr. Wickliffe's resolution.

To me it seemed that the liberty to employ men in any particular capacity implied with it liberty also to supply them with the necessary tools, and acting upon this faith I have clothed, equipped, and armed the only loyal regiment yet raised in South Carolina.

I must say, in vindication of my own conduct, that had it not been for the many other diversified and imperative claims on my time and attention, a much more satisfactory result might have been hoped for, and that in place of only one, as at present, at least five or six well drilled, brave and thoroughly acclimated regiments should by this time have been added to the loyal forces of the Union. The experiment of arming blacks, as far as I have made it, has been a complete and even marvellous success. They are sober, docile, attentive and enthusiastic, displaying great natural capacities for acquiring the duties of the soldier.

They are eager, beyond all things, to take the field and be led into action, and it is the unanimous opinion of the officers who have had charge of them, that in the peculiarities of this climate and country they will prove auxiliaries fully equal to the similar regiments so long and successfully used by the British authorities in the West India Islands.

In conclusion I would say it is my hope, there appearing no possibility of other reinforcements, owing to the exigencies of the campaign in the peninsula, to have organized by the end of the next fall, and to be able to present the Government from 48,000 to 50,000 of these hardy and devoted soldiers.

Trusting that this letter may form part of your answer to Mr. Wickliffe's resolution,
I have the honor to be,
D. HUNTER,
Major-General Commanding.

WHAT IS NEEDED AT OUR HOSPITALS—As some of our readers may be puzzled to know what things they could send to the hospitals that would be of the most service to our sick and wounded soldiers, we would state that the following articles are always needed:—

Cotton shirts, 1¼ and 1 yards long; 2 breadths of unbleached cotton, ¾ yards wide, open 9 inches at the bottom; length of sleeve ¾ yard; length of armhole, 12 inches; length of collar, 20 inches; open in front, fastened with buttons. Flannel hospital undershirts—two breadths flannel, gusset at the neck, narrow neckband; cotton drawers, ordinary size and make; woolen drawers, ordinary size and make; dressing gowns of double calico, without wadding; socks, cotton, and woolen; slippers; handkerchiefs good size (can be made of old linen;) towels; bed sacking, of ticking, or burlap, 7 feet long and 3 feet wide; and 1 yard long, in the middle, with straps; pillow-sacks, of ticking or burlap, 16 inches wide and 30 inches long; sheets, 4 feet wide and 8 feet long; lint, ravelled from pieces of old damask or linen cloth, cut four or five inches square, laid straight, not tied, and packed firmly in paper boxes; the broken threads in a separate parcel; bandages, cotton or linen, without selvages, shrunk, tightly rolled and pinned, of the following sizes: 1 inch wide, 1 yard long; 2½ inches wide, 3 yards long; 3½ inches wide, 5 yards long; 2 inches wide, 3 yards long; 3 inches wide, 4 yards long; 4 inches wide 6 yards long; if pieced, the raw edges should be laid one over the other, *flat*, and tightly sewed; muslin (by piece;) flannel (by piece;) India rubber cloth or substitute; oiled silk; second hand clothing—coats, pantaloons, drawers, shirts, boots, shoes; arrowroot, farina, sago, tapioca, corn starch, oatmeal, whiskey, brandy, white wine, for wine whey, &c., pure lemon syrup, jellies, dried fruit, pickles, tea, cocoa, chocolate, Boston crackers, condensed milk, concentrated soup.

A TERRIFIC ENGINE OF WAR.—The progress of the art of killing seems to know no limit. By the following extract from the recent speech of the Hon. J. M. Ashley in the House, on the subject of lake defences and the claims of Toledo for the site of a national armory and naval depot, it appears that the Maumee is the honored locality of an invention which throws all big Union guns and iron Monitors completely into the shade. We quote:—

"Within the past week one of my own constituents, Addison Smith, Esq., of Perrysburg, Ohio, who is now in this city, exhibited to me the model of the most formidable engine of war I have ever seen. It will, he assures me, discharge an iron mass of 2000 pounds, with incredible rapidity, a distance of ten miles. Before this wonderful engine of war no iron clad vessel could live an hour, if it can accomplish what its inventor claims. A few blows from its massive missile would soon batter any war vessel to pieces, and Quebec and Gibraltar would be mere playthings in its range. The ingenuity and practicability of the machinery, for the rapid evolutions of the vessel in the water, is not the least noticeable invention. For harbor defences, if it proves half what the inventor claims, it has no parallel in any of the discoveries I have yet examined."

THE "FATHER OF THE MARSHALSEA" IN REAL EARNEST.—Everybody who read "Little Dorrit" will remember the "Father" in reading the following item which we clip from a London exchange:

The work of clearing the Queen's Bench Prison, London, of its inhabitants, is now verging toward a close. Strange to say, it has been a very difficult task. Many of the prisoners sternly refused to be made bankrupts, though, by giving their consent, they could have immediately obtained their release. The most curious case was that of Wm. Miller, who had been in prison since July, 1814—forty-eight years! He had lost all desire to go out, and would sign nothing which would have the effect of making him a free man. When at last he was absolutely forced to acquiesce, he begged to be allowed to remain in the prison a few days longer; and when his time was up he still lingered fondly within the gates to bid the officials farewell, and to shake hands over and over again. Until he passed the outer gates of the Queen's Bench Prison, a few weeks since, William Miller, who was born nearly eighty years ago, never saw a street gas-lamp, nor an omnibus, much less a steamship or a railway.

ORNITHOLOGICAL BALL-DRESS.—Among the beautiful productions of Lyons industry, now on exhibition at the London Industrial Exhibition, is a white satin brocade, on which is woven a perfect aviary of rare birds. There is the peacock, (in miniature, of course,) displaying all its glories but majestically indifferent to the admiration it excites; the bird of Paradise, with its graceful yellow plumage; the lyre bird, unequalled in form; the brilliant love-birds, winging their flight side by side, and interspersed among them many a variety of the gemlike humming bird. The artist has represented each subject in a characteristic position, and introduced different little incidents which, we may suppose, give variety to this aerial life. Thus, some are flying home in triumph with their insect prey, and others stopping by the way to fight out their little battles, perched on some bit of foliage, which, I doubt not, would be acknowledged by the naturalist as appropriate to the scene. All this forms a picture no less than a dress, and in each point of view, it is described as equally effective.

THE LONDON UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—A subterranean railway is now in an advanced state of construction, running about 4½ miles under the city of London. It commences at Victoria Street, in the midst of what was formerly a disreputable thoroughfare, but is now a common centre for the great Northern, the London, Chatham and Dover and the Metropolitan lines. From that point it passes easterly, having a large number of intermediate stations. On the occasion of a recent trip made through its length, the air was found to be perfectly sweet, and free from unpleasantness and dampness. The locomotives used condense their own steam and consume their own smoke, so that neither gas nor vapor is perceptible. The surface of the rails is made of steel. The line is made for two gauges, and it is a double track throughout. The carriages will be roomy, well ventilated, and lighted with portable gas. It is expected that the road will be opened about the middle of June.

A POWERFUL HYDRAULIC.—In California, a hydraulic is a high head of water conveyed through a pipe, and applied to wash down the face of gravelly hills and banks containing the auriferous deposite. Thus applied, water exerts a tremendous force in levelling hills and in exhuming the golden nuggets.—At Brandy City, in Northern Sierra, are rich and extensive diggings, which have been hard to work on account of cement and hard gravel; but they have several powerful hydraulics now at work there, one of which has a fall of 240 feet through 15-inch iron pipe. This is said to be the most powerful in the state, and will lift boulders or detachments of cement of a ton weight when brought to bear beneath them.

CANADA.—The City of Quebec has a population of 60,000, Montreal 85,000, and Toronto 52,000, while three younger cities on the Yankee side of the lak s have a population as follows: Chicago, 120,000; Detroit, 70,000; Buffalo, 80,000.

The Toronto Leader notices the falling off of emigration to the Canadian provinces this year, so different from what was anticipated, and remarks that "it is not easy to account for this unsatisfactory state of affairs."

THE NORTHWESTER, a Canadian paper published at Red River, is out in favor of annexation with the United States. It says that Great Britain shows perfect indifference to the settlement, and it enjoys none of the commercial or governmental advantages it has a right to expect; and, on the other hand, American influences of every kind are operating upon it.

TOOMBS AND HIS COTTON.—General Robert Toombs has been called to account by a "Committee of Public Safety," for planting unusually large crops of cotton, thereby curtailing the provision crop necessary for the war. Another committee of safety demanded his negroes to work on the public defences. Toombs does not seem disposed to agree with either committee. He goes on cultivating his cotton, and he refused to allow a single hand to work on the defences. He says:—

"My property, so long as I live, shall never be subject to the order of those cowardly miscreants, the Committee of Public Safety, at Randolph County and Eufaula. You may rob me in my absence, but you cannot intimidate me."

A MAIDEN lady, named Eunice Andrews, aged 41, living in the north part of Chester, (Conn.), committed suicide last Saturday morning, under temporary mental derangement. She filled her apron with stones, waded into the shoal water of the river to the depth of about three feet, sat down and threw herself over backward under the water, and was drowned.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There has been a little better feeling in the market for Flour during the past week. Sales reach some 15,000 bbls at $5,50 @5,75 for middlings, $6@6,25 for fine flour; $4,50 @4,75 for superfine; $4,75@5,25 for common and good extras; $5,87½@6,75 for extra family, the former for north western, and $6@6,50 for fancy brands, as in quality, including 1000 bbl Ohio fancy at $6 ₮ bbl, and some 6000 bbls Western family at a price kept private. The sales to the trade have been to a fair extent, within the same range of prices, according to brand and quality. Rye flour is arriving and selling in a small way at $3,25@3,50 ₮ bbl, the latter for fresh ground. Corn Meal continues scarce, with further sales of 500 bbls Pennsylvania at $3,75, and 300 bbls Brandywine at a price kept private.

GRAIN comes in slowly, and the market generally is firmer and more active; about 30,000 bus Wheat have been sold at $1,30@1,35 for common to good and prime Western and Pennsylvania reds, in store and afloat; $1,38 for Southern do, and $1,30@1,36 for white, the latter for prime Kentucky. Rye has been taken on arrival at 67@68c for Pennsylvania. Corn is better and about 25,000 bus, mostly prime Southern yellow, sold at 54@55c, afloat; 52½@54c in store; damaged lots at 47@52c, and white at 53@60c, as to condition. Oats are unchanged, and about 30,000 bus found buyers, mostly at 40c for prime Pennsylvania, in store. Barley and Malt remain quiet.

PROVISIONS—There has been a little better feeling in the market and more inquiry from the trade, with a moderate business to note in Pork at $11@11¼ for Mess, and Beef at $12@13 ₮ bbl for Western and city packet Mess. Bacon is in better demand, Hams selling more freely at 5@ 8½c for plain and fancy cured. Sides move off as wanted at 5¼@5¾c, and Shoulders at 3½@ 4¼c. Green Meats are more inquired for, with sales of Hams in salt and pickle at 5@6½c; Sides in salt at 5@5¼c, and Shoulders at 3½@4c. Lard is firmer, bbls and tcs selling at 8½@8¾c, and kegs at 8¾@9c; country is worth 7¾@7¾c. Butter is rather quiet at 9@12c for packed; choice dairy is worth 14@15c. Cheese meets with a steady demand at 7@8c ₮ lb, and Eggs are quoted at 11@12c ₮ dozen.

COTTON—The excitement in this staple is somewhat abated, and, with a very reduced stock, holders have put up their prices 2@3c ₮ lb since the close of last week. The sales reach 750 bales in small lots at from 37 to 40c cash, the latter for middling quality.

ASHES—Both kinds are unchanged, and a small business to notice.

BARK—The arrivals and sales of Quercitron are light, and the market steady at $33,50 for 1st No. 1. Tanners' Bark is unchanged, and the sales moderate at $11@12 for Chestnut and $13@ $14 ₮ cord for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX is scarce, and a small business is doing at 33@34c ₮ lb.

COAL—The market is unsettled and rather inactive. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₮ ton $4,25@ 4,50; Prepared do $4,25@4,50; Red Ash do $4,50 @4,75; Lehigh Lump do $4,50@4,75; Prepared do $4,50@4,75; by retail do $5,50; Schuylkill Prepared do $5,25.

COFFEE—There is a moderate demand for this article, and a very reduced stock to operate in, sales reaching 1100@1200 bags, in lots, at 19@21c for Rio, and 21@21½ for Laguayra, on the usual terms. Holders are now asking ½c advance.

COPPER is unchanged and dull, and Yellow Metal is steady at 32c, 6 mos., with about usual business doing.

FEATHERS are but little inquired for, and good western are rather scarce at 38@40c ₮ lb.

FRUIT—Green fruit is arriving and selling freely, and commands fair prices.

HAY is steady, Timothy selling at 65@75c the 100 lbs.

HEMP—The market continues at a stand still, and without any changes to note.

IRON—There is not much movement in Pig Metal at the advance, and a few small sales only are reported at $24 for Anthracite No 1, and $23 for No 2, on time. Scotch Pig is also firm but quiet. In manufactured there is an active business to note, and prices are fully sustained and firm.

LEAD—There is very little offering or selling, and Galena is wanted at fully former rates.

LUMBER—There is a fair business to note for the season at previous prices, sales including White Pine Boards at $13@18, Yellow nap do at $13@14, and Laths at 1,25 ₮ M.

MOLASSES—There is very little prime here, and the market is firm, with further small sales of Cuba Muscovado at 30@33c, and Syrup at 30@ 32c, on the usual terms.

PLASTER is unchanged, soft selling on arrival at $2,50 ₮ ton.

RICE is rather firmer. East India selling more freely at 5@5½c for Rangoon. There is no Carolina here.

SEEDS—There is very little Clover seed offering or selling, and prime is worth $5,00@5,25 ₮ bus. From second hands prices range at $3,25@3,50 ₮ bus. Timothy is wanted, and generally held at $2, which is above the views of buyers. Of Linseed, which is scarce, a sale of Sicily is reported at $2,25 ₮ bus.

SPIRITS—Foreign is firm, but without much doing in the way of sales. N E Rum is better and selling at 31@32c. Whiskey is unsettled, with moderate sales of bbls at 20@20c, hhds at 20c, and drudge at 20c.

SUGARS are firmer and prices at the close ⅛ @⅛c better, with sales of 800 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 7¾@8¼c on the usual credit.

TALLOW is quiet and City Rendered steady at 9c ₮ lb.

TOBACCO is firm, the reduced state of the stock of manufactured limiting operations. Leaf is also quiet.

WOOL—The market is more active and prices are better, with sales of the new clip to some extent to note at 48@50c for common tub, and 60 @63c for fine fleece do.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1710 head. The prices realized were from 5½ to 8¾ cents ₮ lb. 85 Cows brought from $28 to 35 ₮ head. 6400 Sheep were sold at from $3,50 to 4,00 ₮ cwt gross. 520 Hogs sold at $4,50 to 5,00 ₮ cwt net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

HOW THE ENGLISH TREAT THEIR REBELS.—Read the following from his "Diary in India," by Mr. Russell, of the London Times, descriptive of the way they treated "rebels" in India:—

"A French general, in a letter to Sir Colin, expressed his regret at certain violences attributed to some of our officers in cold blood—I presume alluding to Hobson *shooting the Princes of Delhi, and things of that sort*—but he should know that here *there is no cold blood at the sight of a rebel.* * * *

When Neile marched from Allahabad, his executions were so numerous and indiscriminate that one of the officers attached to his column had to remonstrate with him, on the ground that if he *depopulated* the country he could get no supplies for the men."—*Diary, vol. 1, page 222.*

☞ Do not be troubled because you have not great virtues. God made a million spears of grass where He made one tree.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter WILLIAM S. YOUNG, to SALLIE KERN, daughter of Enos S. Kern, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. Brainerd, D. D., GEORGE L. MCGILL, to BETTIE H daughter of Geo. W. Nielson, Esq. both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, SAMUEL M. CAPP, to CATHARINE BECHTEL, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the same, Mr. GEORGE F. SOUDER, to Miss MARY J. GOODMAN, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Robt. Gamble, Mr. HUGH SHANNON, to Miss HANNAH DICKSON, of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. T. Murphy, Mr. ISAAC L. HILT, to Miss PENNSYLVANIA BURKE, daughter of Jonathan Burke, Esq. both of Frankford.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, Mr. SAMUEL STEVENS, of Tioga county, Pa. to Miss MARY L. WYLIE, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Brooklyn, N. Y. on the 1st of July, RACHEL, wife of John McKeever, in her 50th year.

On the 1st instant, JOHN WATERS, in his 80th year.

On the 1st instant, CHARLES A. LIGHT, in his 31st year.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. MARY MURRAY, in her 51st year.

At Germantown, on the 1st instant, MARTHA, wife of Capt. Jas. Farnsworth, in her 60th year.

On the 29th ultimo, ELIZABETH, relict of the late John W. Jones, in her 64th year.

On the 29th ultimo, JOHN HOFFNER, aged 50 years.

On the 29th ultimo, MATTHIAS KNORR, in his 85th year.

On the 27th ultimo, Mr. GEORGE A. SERRETT, in his 7th year.

On the 28th ultimo, ANN GRICE, widow of the late Saml. Grice, in her 72d year.

On 1st-day afternoon, 6th mo., 30th ultimo, SUSANNA HAWORTH, in her 79th year.

On the 29th ultimo, Mrs. ANNA M. wife of Lieut. Thos. J. Rush, aged 23 years.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, July 5, 1862.

Alabama	60 dis.	Missouri	2 to 80 dis.
Canada	¼ par	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	1 dis.	New Jersey	par to ¼ dis.
Florida	— dis.	N. Y. City	1 dis.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Illinois	3 to 7½ dis.	North Carolina	50 dis.
Indiana	1 to 6 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	1 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 88 dis.
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	40 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	1 to 11 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	11 dis.	Virginia	4 to 40 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 to 65 dis.
Mississippi	—		

B. FRANK PALMER,
SURGEON ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to
THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philad'a.—1609.
THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "Palmer Limbs" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address
B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
oct6-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Phila.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE, Magnifying 500 times, for 25 cents (in silver); 3 of different powers for $1. Mailed free.
Address F. P. BOWEN,
jly12-4t Box 220 Boston, Mass.

CIDER WITHOUT APPLES.—15 cents sent to R. BYRNS, Mount sterling, Illinois, will procure you a receipt for making CIDER WITHOUT APPLES.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MOUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau St., New York City.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

WITHERS & PETERSON
39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADA.
STOCK AND EXCHANGE
BROKERS.
STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.
7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.
All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.
UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.
Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.
DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
ap 26-1y

GROVER & BAKER'S
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.
PARTICULAR ATTENTION
Is called to the fact that, besides the machines making our celebrated stitch, we manufacture, in great variety of styles, superior
FAMILY LOCK STITCH MACHINES.
The peculiarities of each stitch will be cheerfully shown and explained to purchasers; and they have the great advantage of being able to select from our stock either a machine making the
GROVER & BAKER STITCH.
Or one making the
LOCK-STITCH,
The only valuable Sewing Machine stitches in practical use.
☞ PRICES FROM $40 UPWARDS. ☜
GROVER & BAKER S. M. CO.,
Je21-8t 730 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

GENUINE HAVANA CIGARS.
Of all flavors, as follows:
CABANAS, at $9 ₮ 100.
LA RITICA, at $6 ₮ 100.
LA HIGUENAS, at $5 ₮ 100.
LA EMPRESSA, at $3 ₮ 100.
COLD, SPARKLING
SODA WATER,
Drawn from a large, Silver Fountain, at 3 cents per glass, at KOLLOCK'S New Drug Store, Corner of Broad and Chestnut Sts., Philada.
dec2-1y

PHILADELPHIA
PAPER HANGINGS.
HOWELL & BOURKE,
CORNER OF
FOURTH AND MARKET STREETS,
MANUFACTURERS
OF
PAPER HANGINGS
AND
WINDOW CURTAIN PAPERS,
Offer to the trade a LARGE AND ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF GOODS, from the Cheapest Brown Stock to the Finest Decorations; and put on in city and country by careful men.
N. E. COR. FOURTH AND MARKET STS., Philadelphia. Jly5-3m

COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c.
DR. D. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT has been for thirty years the standard remedy.
RECENT COUGHS, and COLDS, PLEURITIC PAINS, etc., are quickly and effectually cured by its diaphoretic, soothing and expectorant power.
ASTHMA it always cures. It overcomes the spasmodic contraction of the air vessels, and by producing free expectoration, at once removes all difficulty of breathing.
BRONCHITIS readily yields to the Expectorant. It subdues the inflammation which extends through the wind tubes, produces free expectoration, and suppresses at once the cough and pain.
CONSUMPTION.—For this insidious and fatal disease no remedy on earth has ever been found so effectual. It subdues the inflammation, relieves the cough and pain, and removes the difficulty of breathing, and produces an easy expectoration, whereby all irritating and obstructing matters are removed from the lungs.
WHOOPING COUGH is promptly relieved by this Expectorant. It shortens the duration of the disease one-half, and greatly mitigates the sufferings of the patient.
In all PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, in CROUP, PLEURISY, etc., it will be found to be prompt, safe, pleasant and reliable.
This Expectorant is prepared only at 242 CHESTNUT Street, and for sale by Druggists generally. mar 22-1f

BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE PILLS
Are infallible for costiveness, spasms, loss of appetite, sick headache, giddiness, sense of bloating after meals, dizziness, drowsiness, and cramping pains, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels.
☞ Original Letter at 294 Canal Street, New York.
J. J. C. COOK, publisher of the *State Banner*, Bennington, Vt., says:—He was attacked with DYSPEPSIA, and suffered so severely from it, that not a particle of food could be swallowed without occasioning the most uncomfortable sensation in his stomach. For five years he suffered from this dreadful complaint, when he used BRANDRETH'S PILLS. The first box did not seem to benefit him much, but the second produced a change, and by the time he had taken six boxes a COMPLETE CURE was effected. He says:—"My dyspepsia was gone, and my expectation of an early death vanished."
BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York.
Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.
Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. je7-6mow

WANTED.—500 ACTIVE YOUNG men to act as Local and Traveling Agents, in a business easy, useful and honorable, at a salary of $100 per month. A capital of $5 only required. No patent medicine or book business. Full particulars given free to all who inclose a postage stamp or silver, and address
DENNIS P. HOTT & CO.,
June21-6t Kingston, N. H.

THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.—published for the benefit and as a warning and a caution to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, &c.; supplying at the same time the means of Self Cure. By one who has cured himself after being put to great expense the ugh medical impositions and quackery. By enclosing a post-paid addressed envelope, single copies may be had of the author,
NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq.,
ap19-1f Bedford, Kings Co., N. Y

Wit and Humor.

RAMS.

BY FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER.

Who, indeed, would have thought that it ever could chance
That dogmatical England and complaisant France,
Who have always known everything under the sun,
Who have always thought first of whatever we've done,
Who have scarce deigned our Eagle the slightest salam—
Should fall flat to adore an American Ram?

There have always been Rams! Father Adam, we know,
Found some Rams in his garden a long time ago:
In the raising of Rams Abel took much delight;
And a Ram was concerned in the very first fight—
And the first Ram afloat, we may further remark,
Was the Ram which old Noah took into the Ark!

Then, it seems, there were Rams which were tied up in stalls,
Driven out to do battle by butting down walls—
Alexander, Marcellus, and Sylla, we find,
Had a great many Rams of this desperate kind,
And when Titus encamped 'mid Jerusalem's palms,
It is said that the Hebrews saw nothing but Rams!

After these there came Rams not inclining to fights—
Rams resembling good Joshua's Gibeonites,
Which were "drawers of water"—Hydraulic Rams—
Quite domestic, and commonly found with their dams!
May such Rams still continue to thrive and increase
With the limitless Ram-ifications of peace!

Thus we Ram-ble along through the cycles of Time,
Finding History's Ram-page is rather sublime!
But the Ram of all Rams is the Ram of our day,
Which is shaking the world with a Ram-pant dismay!
Iron-harnessed, steam-driven, it sweeps o'er the sea—
Our American Ram-part!—the shield 'of the Free!

Washington, D. C. —*Philadelphia Press.*

A CONFIRMED GRUMBLER.

Some time ago there lived in Edinburgh a well-known grumbler named Sandy Black, whose often recurring fits of spleen or indigestion produced some amusing scenes of senseless irritability, which were highly relished by all except the brute's good, patient little wife.

One morning Sandy rose bent on a quarrel; the haddies and eggs were excellent, done to a turn, and had been ordered by himself the previous evening; and breakfast passed without the looked-for cause of complaint.

"What will you have for dinner, Sandy?" said Mrs. Black.

"A chicken, madam," said the husband.

"Roast or boiled?" asked the wife.

"Confound it, madam, if you had been a good and considerate wife, you'd have known before this what I liked," Sandy growled out, and, slamming the door behind him, left the house.

It was in spring, and a friend who was present heard the little wife say:

"Sandy's bent on a disturbance to-day; I shall not please him, do what I can."

The dinner time came, and Sandy and his friend sat down to dinner; the fish was eaten in silence, and, on raising the cover of the dish before him, in a towering passion, he called out:

"Boiled chicken! I hate it, madam. A chicken boiled is a chicken spoiled."

Immediately the cover was raised for another chicken, roasted to a turn.

"Madam, I won't eat roast chicken," roared Sandy; "you know how it should have been cooked!"

At the instant a broiled chicken, with mushrooms, was placed on the table.

"Without green peas!" roared the grumbler.

"Here they are, dear," said Mrs. Black.

"How dare you spend my money in that way?"

"They were a present," said the wife, interrupting him.

Rising from his chair and rushing from the room, amidst a roar of laughter from his friend, he clenched his fist, and shouted:

"How dare you receive a present without my leave!"

A CASE OF SWINDLING.—Jarrad is a clever fellow—rather too clever, in fact; and though he works hard, he seems to get behindhand all the time. Jarrad has a sister. She got married. Jarrad was asked how he liked his brother-in-law. Said he, "I don't like him, sir; he's a mean man." Being pressed for his reasons for not liking him, "Well, I will tell you," said he, reluctantly; "he swindled me clean out of fifty dollars—isn't that reason enough?" Jarrad's friends wanted to know how he swindled him. "Why, sir, he promised to lend me fifty dollars, and he didn't do it—that's how!" and all who know Jarrad acknowledge that it was barefaced swindling, and nothing else.

☞ "Jack, your wife is not so pensive as she used to be." "No," said Jack, "she has left that off, and turned expensive."

☞ Some people's hearts are shrunk in them like dried nuts; you can hear 'em rattle as they walk.

☞ It is very possible to be too witty to be earnest, and too earnest to be witty.

DAUVID'S PERPLEXITY.

The fishermen of the north of the Frith of Forth have always been looked upon by those of the south shore as little more than savages, and very unpolished. At one time a heavy north-easterly storm drove a Buckhaven boat toward the Dunbar coast, and during the detention of several days one of the north shore boys fell violently in love with a strapping damsel of Dunbar, whom he ultimately married. The young bride did her best to instruct her husband in the purer language and less jaw-breaking dialect of the aristocratic south shore; but he was a very slow pupil, as the sequel will serve to show.

In process of time a son was born to the loving pair, and all in due order a second youth, the very image of his mother, made his case known in the house of his father, shortly after which the following colloquy was held:—

"Noo, Dauvid, ye're gawn to the minister's to see about the baptism; but mind, ye're no to speak about the *bairn*; that's a vulgar word—just like ye folk o' Fife. Eh, moo, gin I had ye ower at Dunbuar, I wad mak a man o' ye! bit Dauvid, my man, ye're to say to the minister, 'Gin ye please, Maister P——k, will ye come down this e'enin' and bapteeze the infant?' Mind, noo, Dauvid, no the bairn, bit the infant."

David looked with wonder on his young wife, at her learning and good breeding, and he loved her more than ever. But the word infant was new to him; it was too soft and sweet for his untutored lips to lisp; but, true to his love, he tried it, and promised her faithfully to try it again, and muttering it over and over—infant, infant, infant—took his way toward the minister's house. But, ere he reached it, David had lost the flow of the syllables, and before he had recovered his presence of mind he found himself in the minister's hall. The worthy minister, half suspecting what had brought the fisherman along so early, said—

"Well, David, how are ye all down the way?"

"Brawly, sir, thank ye, we're as weel as can be expected."

"Ah!" said the minister, "has there been anything i' the wind, David?"

"Ou, ay, sir, the wife's been doun."

"Ay, David! It'll be a lassie this time?"

"No, sir," replied David, "it's no a lassie."

"Hoot, man," said the minister, "anither laddie! Ye'll be made up we' laddies, if ye gang on at this rate."

"Weel-a-wat, no," said David, "it's no a laddie aither."

"David, David!" asked the minister in sore astonishment, "what is it, man, if it's neither a laddie nor a lassie?"

"Weel, sir," replied David, "as sure as death I dinna mind, but I think the wife ca'ed it an *elephant!*"

A TENDER EPISTILE.

The Stockton Argus says that love is no dream, as the following *billet doux* picked up in front of the Post-Office in that city; will show:—

My Dear Sweetiest Ducky—I am so happy to hear from you so often—it affords me sich grate pleshur. You always was so deer to me I hope you will soon be deerer.

You know I never hinted nothing bout marriage and I never will—take your own time for that. I shal always remember the old saying, procrastination is the thief of time, but mother sez nothin should be done in a hurry but ketching fleas.

The fondest wish of my heart is that we may sune become 1. Do you ever read Franklyn's Extracts—his remarks concerning marriage is delightful. Our hearts, he sez, should assemble one another in every except; they ought to be hetergenius so that our union may be mixed as well as uniting—not like oil and water, but like tee and shugar. Truly I can feel for the mortal Watts when he sez:

The rows is red the violets blew,
Sugare sweet and so are you.

Mother sez matrimony is better to think on than the reality.

I remane till deth or marriage, your own sweet canday, MARY ANN.

N. B.—I had a kuzzen married last month, who sez there ain't no true enjoyment but in the married state. Your sweetst duv.

MARY ANN.

P. S.—I hope you will let me know what you intend to do as there is three or four others after me hot foot, and I shall be very oneasy till I here. Your lovin sweet.

MARY ANN.

THE SOUND OF BULLETS.

A soldier, writing from one of the camps on the Potomac, thus alludes to the peculiar music made by bullets passing through the air:—

"It is a very good place to exercise the mind with the enemy's picket rattling close at hand. A musical ear can study the different tones of bullets as they skim through the air. I caught the pitch of a large-sized Minie yesterday. It was a swell from E flat to F, and as it passed into the distance and lost its velocity, receded to D, a very pretty change. One of the most startling sounds is that produced by the Hotchkiss shell. It comes like the shriek of a demon, and the bravest old soldiers feel like ducking when they hear it. It is no more destructive than some other bullets, but there is a great deal in mere sound to work upon men's fears. The tremendous scream is caused by a ragged edge of lead, which is left on the shell."

☞ We trust that our government will soon have iron steamers that will mind cannon balls as little as Rabelais's Giant Pantagruel did, who, after a great battle, combed them out of his hair.

THE HOME GUARD.

PRIVATE AND LANDLORD, TO HIS SERGEANT AND TENANT, (ASIDE).—"Look here, Mr. Slangham, if you come down upon me so sharp at drill, I'll be blowed if I don't raise your rent!"

YE YOUNGE LADYE OF PHILADELPHIA.

Ye Philadelphia younge ladye is not evir of ruddie milke and blonde hew, like unto hir cosyn of Boston, natheless is shee not browne as a chinkapinn or persymon like unto ye damoeylles of Baltimore. Even and clere in hir complexion seldom paling and not often bloshing, whych is a good thynge for those who be fonde of kissing, sith that if ther mothers come in sodanely ther cheeks wyll not be sinful tell-tayles of swete and secrete deeds. Of wych matter of bloshing itt is gretely to the credyt of the Philadelphiene that shee bloseth not muche, sith that Aldrovandus, and as methynketh also, Mizaldus in his *Mirabile Centuries*, do affirme thatt not to bloshe is a sign of noble bloode and gentyle lineage—for itt may be playnely seene that every base born churl's daughter bloseth if thatt ye give hir a poke under ye chinn, whereas ye countesse of high degree only smileth sweetlie and sayth merily, "*Aha, messire—tu coys que mon joly gouer est endormy!*" for shee well knoweth that a gentylman, like kynge, can doe me no wronge.

The Philadelphiene dresseth not in garments like unto Isope, his cote of manie colors, nethir dothe shee put on clothes whych look from afar off like geographiemapps, where the hews are all well assorted as iff a paint mill had burst and scattered the piggments all pele mele into everlastynge miscellayneous scatteratioun. For shee dothe gretely go inn for subdued rutt color, milde mouse tints, temperat tea caddie tones, moderate mode dyes, gentylle gray shades, tranquill drabb tinges, temperate tawny, calm graye, sober ashie, pacifyed slate, mitigated dun, linientle dingie, and blandlie cinereous chormattica, sninee shee hadd a Quakir grandmother on the one syde, ande is too superblie prode on the other to make a pecocke of hirselfe, as she wyll telle you wann thatt yee be spattered with the water whych is jetted from hose over ye pavementes. Hee thatt wouide see manye of these swete beeinga, should walke in Chestnutt strete whyles thatt shee goeth to shopp or promenade in Walnutt street on Sundaye. And if he can telle mee of a citie on earthe wher one can see more prettye, tiny feete, in neater shoes or gatered bootes, thane hee may than beholde, I wouide fayne know where itt is, thatt I may go thir too.

Muche loveth shee little tea parties where onlie girles bee; and have ye gentylmen come aske: "Dameylle, wherefore walke ye not in gayer garmentes?" Soe thatt itt often comes to passe thatt whenn walkyng in ye Broade Waye of New Yorke, yee can tell a Philadilphiene by hir sober yet rich garbe, so that ye Cosmopolite sayth: "*Per ma fe!*" thatt is a ladye, I know thee is by the way she looks and trulie, as Dan Chaucer sayeth, shee is one:

"Well seemed by her apparaile,
Sho is not wont to great travaile,
And whan she kempt is fetously,
And well arraied and richely.
Then hath shee done all her journee,
Gentyll and faire indede is she!"

Ye Philadelphia young ladye loveth to ryde on a pleasante afternoone out untoe Pointe Breeze adowne ye Necke, in ye Park, or alonge ye wynding Wissahicon. Peradventure shee goeth with a beau who speaketh unto her of love, to which shee listeneth wyth tendir grace, and replyeth with art until thatt they have builded upp between them a flirtacioun, from tyme to tyme hee makyth a puno, and she cryeth "shame!" but it shames him never a whitt or jot—nay, hee goeth on and maketh yet another—oftimes until ye horse taketh frighte and runneth awale. Yett for all this she liketh hym still, so grete is ye love of woman and so enduring hir constancye.

Att other tymes shee rideth far and wyde in ye hors carre, since in her natyve towne shee can go manye miles for five cents and two pence whenn she takes ye other carr. Specially doth shee do this on Saturday forenoons, else weare he neat clothes all in ye evenyng. Then they speke of the newes of the days, and praise Generall MacLellan, and gossipp of ye last greate parti, where Dorsey dyd serve so well ye terripines and steamed oysters, and howe that itt is verament trewe thatt, Miss Porridge is to live, after hir marriage, in a howse in Locust strete, or Peradventure in Spruce or Pine, for in this towne all the stretes are of woode, albeit ye houses are all of bricke.

Ye Philadelphiene spekyth more slowlie in hir speeche than doth ye New Yorkere, and ever callyth a calf a caff, and a laugh a laff, soundeth far more sweetlie, even like the *lingua Tuscana in bocca Romana*. Shee loveth ye opera even as shee loveth ye ice creme, which she buyth at Mrs. Burns's, or at old Auntie Jackson's, where she often goeth of warm summer nighties. Shee is graceful in hir meine, and gracious in hir manner—trulie in all ye world I know of none sweeter in this itemm. And thatt she may ever keepe up hir pleasante fame for beinge ladyly, aenty gentyll, and fayre, is the herte's prayere of

CLERKE NICHOLAS.

—Continental for July.

CURIOUS CUSTOM.—In a tract of country in Germany, not far from Frankfort-on-the-Maine, called the Wetteran, a custom existed at the fairs which may startle some of our salaried magistrates and police inspectors. To some of the numerous light-fingered gentry a privilege was granted for an adequate fee, with full permission to steal what they could without being amenable to the law, with this single proviso, that they must not be caught *flagrante delicto*, if so, the owner of the property had the equal privilege of paying the rogues out by a good thrashing for which no action for assault could lie. These thieves were somewhat ironically designated, in their official written license, *freikaufer* (free buyers,) and public notice was given at the beginning of each fair that free buyers had been licensed, and that therefore every one should be upon his guard.

☞ Dress plainly; the thinnest soap bubbles wear the gaudiest colors.

Agricultural.

FOOT-ROT IN SHEEP.

John Johnston writes that he believes he can manage this disease as well as M. Bauchere, and that his method has, besides, the advantage of being no secret. He describes it as follows:—

Take finely-pulverized blue vitriol—the finer the better—make it into a salve with lard, butter, or honey. After cutting away every particle of the hoof that has become detached by suppuration—if some blood is drawn no injury will result from it—apply the salve freely, and I will warrant that in less than five days the sheep will be sound, provided the detached hoof has all been cut off. But it is safer to apply the salve at different times, say two or three, at intervals of four or six days, examining carefully at each application to see that none of the detached hoof is left on the foot. To cut this entirely away is indispensable. The best way I have found to pulverize the vitriol, is to hang up an iron pot by a rope or chain, put in half a pound of vitriol; then put in a cannon ball, and take hold of the pot with both hands, and give it such a motion as will cause the ball to roll on the vitriol, and it soon becomes pulverized. The vitriol will require to be loosened up from the bottom of the pot once or twice. No better cure for foot-rot need be desired than this, provided the application be thorough; but if the land is wet, or foot-rotten sheep have been pastured on it long, it will be safer to remove the sheep as fast as they are cured, because the foul land will again inoculate them.

CANKER WORMS.—The best mode of checking the progress of the canker worm is to let hogs or pigs have access to the trees and eat up the worms, which have now left the trees and buried themselves in the soil. A little corn may be thrown occasionally around the roots of the trees to invite attention to the subject. When hogs cannot be admitted hens will do the business if you encourage them with a little corn or oats.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

CHLORIDE OF LIME AS AN INSECTICIDE.—Dingler's Polytechniaches Journal says:—In scattering chloride of lime on a plank in a stable, all kinds of flies, but more especially biting flies, were quickly got rid of. Sprinkling beds of vegetables with even a weak solution of this salt effectually preserves them from caterpillars, butterflies, mordella, slugs, &c. It has the same effect when sprinkled on the foliage of fruit trees. A paste of one part of powdered chloride of lime, and one-half part of some fatty matter, placed in a narrow band round the trunk of a tree, prevents insects from creeping up it. It has ever been noticed that rats and mice quit places in which a certain quantity of chloride of lime has been spread. This salt, dried and finely powdered, can, no doubt, be employed for the same purpose as flour of sulphur, and be spread by the same means.

HEN HOUSES.—Poultry-houses floored with beaten or well-rammed clay are said to be less infected with lice than houses which have sandy floors. In this, however, as in other departments of stock-keeping, cleanliness is, after all, the best preventive. Cleanliness of the house, and cleanliness of the hen. To secure the latter, let a plentiful supply of pure fresh water be given to them; and a dust-bath should form an essential part of the furniture of a hen-house. A correspondent suggests that to exterminate lice in fowls, they should be fed for several days on coarse meal wet with water and sulphur mixed with it; the nests being at the same time thoroughly cleaned, the house fumigated with tobacco, and all the roots and woodwork whitewashed with fresh lime mixed with sulphur or tobacco.

THE BEST GRAIN AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—At the late meeting of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society, Lord Portman, one of the jury on agricultural products at the International Exhibition, stated that the best oats were from Nova Scotia; the finest sample of wheat from Australia, weighing 66 pounds 7 ounces per bushel; the best flour also came from Australia. He attributed the excellence of Australian wheat to the climate of that country. The grain from the Zollvercin states of Germany, with that also from Hungary, in the Austrian department, was represented as remarkably good.

TANSEY AS A REPELLANT OF THE PEACH TREE BORER.—A correspondent of the American Agriculturist says:—"I have tried planting tansey around my trees, for two years past, and not a single tree has been attacked by the borer, while those without tansey have almost all been more or less injured. I saw it tried four years on other trees with entire success. The tansey is planted very close to the tree, and so as to surround it. It need not be allowed to spread but a few inches from the tree."

Useful Receipts.

FOR ROACHES.—Powdered borax is said to be a newly-discovered, but effectual remedy against cock-roaches and water bugs, the borax to be sprinkled around in cracks, as the Paris-green has previously been. If borax really is such a remedy, it is a thousand times better than the other, as the green is poisonous to human life, if it should happen to find its way among food, or the children get at it—and powdered borax not. There is no greater pest in the cities than cock-roaches and water bugs, and the man who discovers an effectual mode of exterminating them, will be next entitled to the national gratitude, after the man who hurries up the closing victory of the war.

FLEAS IN DOGS.—I have found, says a correspondent, the following receipt most effectual in killing fleas in dogs, viz.: to rub them well over with whiskey. It acts like magic, killing the fleas *instanter*. If all are not polished off in one application, another will be necessary.

TO FRESHEN STALE BREAD.—In order to freshen stale bread pursue the following plan: Dip the loaf wrapped in a clean cloth into boiling water: let it remain there for half a minute, then take off the cloth, and bake the loaf for ten minutes in a slow oven.

EXCELLENT PASTE BLACKING.—Half a pound of ivory black, half a pound of treacle, half an ounce of powdered alum, one drachm of turpentine, one ounce of sulphuric acid, two ounces of raw linseed oil. The ivory black and treacle must first be mixed together until thoroughly incorporated; then add the rest of the ingredients. It keeps best in a bladder.

EGGS.—To boil eggs mind you distinguish a large one from a small one. Whilst some weigh only an ounce and a half, others weigh two and a half; but that is a whim of nature. From two and a half to four minutes, according to size, is the time they will take. Ten minutes is sufficient to set an egg hard, not thirty, or more, as some persons do by neglect.

CUCUMBERS SLICED.—Select eighteen of the largest of the small kind, slice and sprinkle them with salt; the next day pour off this brine, and make a mixture of one gill sweet oil, one ounce ground mustard, one small teaspoonful of cayenne; add these to sufficient vinegar to cover them.

RASPBERRY JAM.—Weigh the fruit, and add three-quarters of the weight of sugar; put the former into a preserving pan, boil, and break it; stir constantly, and let it boil very quickly; when the juice has boiled an hour, add the sugar and simmer half an hour. In this way the jam is superior in color and flavor to that which is made by putting the sugar in at first.

☞ Nature confesses that she has bestowed upon the human race hearts of the softest mould, in that she has given us tears.

☞ We are told to have hope and trust, but what's a poor fellow to do when he can no longer get any trust?

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 55 letters.

My 36, 28, 12, 42, 49, 13, 41, 26, 9, 36, 28, is the Greek term for the 3rd division of the Old Testament, as divided by the Jews.
My 53, 17, 46, 28, 30, 43, 2, 8, was an instrument used in war.
My 21, 38, 34, 6, is a genius of reptiles.
My 20, 4, 4, 31, 45, 31, 8, a sect among the Jews who had purer ideas of God than the Jews commonly entertained.
My 9, 29, 13, 55, 29, 43, 3, is a small vessel used at sea.
My 10, 19, 44, 25, 43, 7, 14, 43, 43, 28, is a subdivision of a species of duck.
My 1, 46, 54, 51, 12, 2, signifies the interval between two waves.
My 35, 38, 50, 37, a nominal or imaginary money in China.
My 9, 23, 9, a disease among poultry, interrupting their feeding.
My 52, 11, 15, 42, 43, 28, 5, 49, 24, is a bird, a native of Africa.
My 36, 28, 18, 33, 16, 51, 26, is a large fish.
My 23, 49, 54, 33, is necessary to all—man and beast.
My 27, 53, 48, 47, 41, is composed of water.
My 39, 40, 28, 32, is a beverage.

My whole was first raised in the United States, and the date of its first raising is given. It may now be seen in all the countries on the globe, although brought exclusively from this country. J.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 45 letters.

My 18, 3, 7, 5, 38, 42, 37, 27, 1, 19, 5, 32, 30, 35, 18, is the emblem of union.
My 9, 25, 28, 34, 31, 33, 36, 3, is an animal.
My 22, 23, 24, 45, 40, is a small bottle.
My 39, 17, 4, is a pronoun.
My 2, 12, 6, 11, 23, is a range of mountains in South America.
My 43, 44, 29, 11, is a river in Africa.
My 41, 13, 20, 30, 35, 3, is a flower.
My 10, 11, 14, 4, 1, is a planet.
My 21, 26, 8, is the name of a fairy.
My 16, 24, 15, is the name of an animal.

My whole is a messenger that comes to cheer and grace our inner world. WILL QUIRK.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When the light of day
Is passing away,
And darkness its bonds hath burst,
The mariner doth guide
His ship o'er the tide,
And measures her speed by my first.

Now dark is the night,
And no ray of light
Shines down from the stars above;
Yet there's joy and mirth
Round my second's hearth,
And eyes beaming with friendship and love.

Where you hear the bees,
And the birds in the trees,
And the works of nature meet
In some pleasant nook
In the wood by the brook,
My whole perchance you will greet.

Warren, Vermont. HARP DAVIS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first's worn on the head;
My second's a sign of trouble;
My third's a sign to advance;
My whole's a very pungent herb.

Oquawka, Ill. **

CHARADE.

My first is that of which old England boasts,
Four-fifths of which is used in friendly toasts;
My second takes the latter with good zest;
My whole's a town; pray, reader, have you guessed?

ANAGRAMS OF GIRLS NAMES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Is hope.	Earth Cain,
I rather.	Army.
Rsah A.	Enim Elem.
As nus.	Mi car.
Mylie.	Lacmali.
Hah! Ann.	The Car.

Catawissa, Pa. H. ROSET.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A tether strap, 100 yards long and ¾ of an inch in thickness, having one end *fast* to the ground, is coiled up closely on the ground, and the outside end is fastened to the nose of a horse. Required—the nature of the curve the horse will describe while unwinding the strap, keeping it stretched tightly all the time, and his nose close to the ground; the distance he will travel while unwinding his tether, keeping it stretched all the time; and the number of acres of ground he can graze over while unwinding his tether.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are two numbers, whose difference is 7; and if we subtract the one-third of the larger number from the one-half of the smaller number, the difference of these parts is found to be 3. What are these two numbers? DELTA.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a rhinoceros like a moderate drinker? Ans.—Because he's content with a *single horn*.

☞ Why are two t's like hops? Ans.—Because they make beer better.

☞ Why is a man shooting birds of prey like a peddler who travels with goods for sale? Ans.—Because he's hawking.

☞ What word is shorter for having a syllable added? Ans.—Short.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—The Revolutionary War. RIDDLE.—Wooden-leg. CHARADE.—Knowledge (now-ledge). ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.—$13.